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AMERICA AND ITALIA

The might of ancient Rome has passed away,—
Now but a dream its lust to rule the lands;
Of shattered pride tell arch and column gray,
Where each wrecked structure by the Forum stands.
Democracy has come, with new appeal,
Where, in that Forum, Goth and Vandal roared;
The New World meets the Old, in one ideal,
Where Brutus in great Caesar plunged his sword.
Lo, Hope is born that War be made to cease,
The banners of red Mars be useless furled;
And in all hearts is longing for that Peace,
That shall bring Love to subjugate the world:
Rome, for thy empire, blood of millions ran;
Greet now a Dawn to bring the Rights of Man!

Alfred Lambourne.



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AMERICAN SAILORS VISIT THE FAMOUS ROMAN FORUM

As guests of the Italian Government, nine hundred American sailors, divided into detachments of two hundred were recently given an opportunity to visit Ancient Rome. Some of the bluejackets who visited the famous Roman Forum are here shown in front of the Temple of Faustina.

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A Tribute and a Warning

By A. A. Ramseyer

Hundreds of years ago, when the Swiss republic was being formed, the Swiss had to fight against powerful adversaries, the noblemen living among and around them. But in those days of simple life, the Swiss never gave battle without first bending the knee and calling upon God for his almighty help which never failed.

I am reminded of this when reflecting upon what happened in the United States Senate, just before the vote upon the war with Germany was taken. On April 4, 1917, there were plenty of enthusiastic speeches, thirty-one pages of the *Congressional Record* being filled with them. Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, had prepared a speech, too, but as he was about to deliver it, he felt a change come upon him, and instead of making a speech, he merely said:

"Mr. President, I arise to make this simple, but earnest appeal:

"God bless and approve the action to be taken by the Senate this day. Oh, Father, preserve our Government, and hasten the day when liberty will be enjoyed by all the peoples of the earth." (*Congressional Record*, page 176.)

This simple prayer, coming from the lips of an apostle of the Lord was not without avail, as we all now know. The vote was taken soon after; war was declared against Germany, and it has been won, with the succor of Almighty God.

So unusual was the proceeding of Senator Smoot, in offering prayer before the Senate, that a hush fell upon the august assembly. The next day, Vice-president Marshall, meeting the Senator on his way to the hall, spoke his satisfaction upon the subject, and afterwards Mr. Smoot received letters from many parts of the country, and some even from Europe, congratulating him upon his appeal to Deity for the success of our righteous cause.

On the following Monday, April 9, 1917, Senator James H. Lewis, of Illinois, said, in a speech on the War with Germany:

"Sir, we beheld at the close of the debate on the solemn resolution the certificate to the world that this was a Christian country, when the eminent Senator from Utah (Mr. Smoot) brought the proceedings to a close by bowing his head in submission to the great Captain of us all, and breathed to his colleagues a prayer that the Father of our mercies and our destinies might guide us to where we would do no wrong. It was a courageous act. The only similar instance I know of in parliamentary history is when Lord Brougham, in the instance of Queen Caroline, knelt before the lords, tendering his invocation to God that they do justice. I likewise join in the prayer of that eminent Senator." (*Congressional Record*, page 560.)

Now that the war has been won, and with the fact fresh in our minds that some seven million soldiers were actually trained in the United States for this mighty conflict, but few realize the gravity of the situation that confronted our legislators. Those well informed knew the formidable strength of our opponents, with all the odds in their favor; *viz.*, veterans in large numbers, well protected positions, France bled white, England almost exhausted, the Atlantic between us and Germany, only a handful of trained U. S. Soldiers, no ammunition, no artillery, no rifles to speak of, for the vast hosts that were to be trained in our country. No wonder those who knew best were dubious, although their patriotism kept their lips sealed. True, our boys behaved magnificently in Chateau-Thierry, in St. Mihiel, in the Argonne woods—but what a period of dread elapsed between the declaration of war, on the 6th of April, 1917, and June, 1918! Our untrained boys to meet the seasoned shock-troops of militaristic Germany! The thought was very troublesome to our leaders, both civil and military. Then there was the finances; how would the American people look upon loans of billions of dollars? Well, thanks to an overruling and kind Providence, everything succeeded beyond our expectations. The draft was a success from the beginning; the people subscribed with alacrity to the loans; the manufacturers transformed their plants in order to produce ammunition; rifles were made in record time; ships were found to transport our soldiers who arrived just in time to stop the enemy at Chateau-Thierry, turning what seemed to be a defeat and almost a rout into a grand victory! Instead of retreats, advances were made, until the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918 brought the so much coveted peace by victory on the side of righteousness.

Did not the blessing of the Lord, so earnestly invoked by Senator Smoot, bring about the wonderful unanimity of the American people, the unsurpassed industrial transformation, the

fearless bravery of our young soldiers? The acute food shortage of the Allies was met by a ready response on this side of the Atlantic; obstructionists were put aside; from Maine to California there was but one nation, one country, eager to help win the war! What more could be wished?

Because all went so well, and seemingly so smoothly, and because the goal was attained with comparatively little real sacrifice, should we not be grateful to the Power who so signally strengthened our hands? Who put us foremost amongst all nations of the earth, so that our counsels and good offices have been sought from all parts of the world! Should we take the glory unto ourselves? God forbid!

David sings: "I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works. And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts." (Psalms, 145:5, 6.)

Lest we forget! Let us be grateful to God for the help vouchsafed us in the hour of our greatest need; and as citizens let us express our thanks to a man of God who appealed to the Lord to let His help abundantly come forth.

The Ninety-First or "Wild West Division"

The good people of Utah are reminded of the heroic boys of the Ninety-first or "Wild West Division." Boys who fought and won on the field of battle, and played their part in driving the Kaiser from his home in Berlin! They are now coming back again, and if kind Heaven wills it so, they will live and die among the native hills of their own mountain valleys. However, if war should ever come again to our beloved country, they will be among the first to put on their packs and once more leave their homes in its defense! At Ypres, St. Mihiel, and Argonne, they charged, and broke through the strong Prussian lines. They are bringing home with them honor and fame, these heroes of the "Wild West Division." Many of their comrades fell, shot down by the bullets and shrapnel of the Huns. These and our returning boys stood firm to their guns, and charged the Prussian guards until they yielded and reeled before their charge of steel!

Let us not forget them! But what of their comrades, the boys who fought as faithfully and who died for their country in the foreign land? Will they be forgotten? No; the noble sacrifice they made, the victory thus won, and the brave deeds which they have accomplished will be told in history! Let us then welcome their comrades, the returning heroes who fought the fierce enemy in defense of Old Glory, the flag they will bring back again—the flag of our country, the flag without a stain!

Rock Springs, Wyo. *James Crookston*



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"CONTEMPTIBLE BRITISH ARMY" IN THE STREETS OF COLOGNE

The British army, which the ex-Kaiser characterized as "contemptible," in the earlier days of the war, is shown passing through the German city of Cologne, one of the "show" cities of the former ruler's domain. The beautiful Cologne Cathedral is shown in the background.

The Way to Wealth

Being the Preface to *Poor Richard's Almanac* for 1758

By Benjamin Franklin

[A beautiful brochure containing extracts from *Poor Richard's Almanac*, by Benjamin Franklin, was published something over a year ago by the Dominion Bank, Canada, and presented to the shareholders of that bank, by Sir Edmund B. Osler. These extracts contain some sensible Eighteenth Century advice applicable to Twentieth Century war conditions. The well-known preface is perhaps the most famous part of the *Almanac*. "The Way to Wealth" is very widely known among the writings of Franklin. The "way" has changed little in the past 160 years; hence, it will interest readers of the *Era* to peruse it once more. It is especially good reading for young people. The preface was written at a period of heavy taxes and poor business, and its homely wisdom is said notably at the time to have promoted cheerfulness, thrift and economy—three conditions which the M. I. A. are seeking to promote this season through our summer work. Of the proverbial wisdom of the *Almanac*, and of this preface in particular Franklin, in his *Autobiography*, says:

"Observing that it (the *Almanac*) was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occur'd between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality, as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want, to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright*.

"These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembl'd and form'd into a connected discourse prefix'd to the *Almanac* of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the Continent; reprinted in Britain on a broad side, to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishoners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication." The *Era* is indebted to President Heber J. Grant for the Dominion Bank brochure—*Editors*.]

Courteous Reader:—I have read that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come,

they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them, but we have many others and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice and something may be done for us: *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.

"I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more: sloth by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of*, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that *There will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as Poor Richard says.

"*If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be*, as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality*, since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough always proves little enough*. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy*; and *He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night*; while *laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him*. *Drive thy business, let not that drive thee*; and *Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise*, as Poor Richard says.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. *Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting*. *There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands*; or if I have they are smartly taxed. *He that hath a*

trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor, as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve, for *At the working man's house hunger looks in but dares not enter*. Nor will the bailiff nor the constable enter, for *Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them*. What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, *Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry*. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep. Work while it is called today, for you know not how much you may be hindered tomorrow. *One today is worth two tomorrows*, as Poor Richard says; and further, *Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today*. If you were a servant would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens; remember that *The cat in gloves catches no mice*, as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed, but stick to it steadily and you will see great effects; for *Constant dropping wears away stones*; and *By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable*; and *Little strokes fell great oaks*.

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: *Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour*. Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for *A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things*. Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock; whereas industry gives comfort and plenty and respect. *Fly pleasures and they will follow you*. *The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow*.

"II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says:

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.

"And again, *Three removes are as bad as a fire*; and again, *Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee*; and again: *If you would have your business done, go; if not, send*.

"And again:

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

"And again, *The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands*; and again, *Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge*; and again, *Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open*. Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, *In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it*; but a man's own care is profitable; for, *If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself*. *A little neglect may breed great mischief*; for *want of a nail the shoe was lost*; for *want of a shoe the horse was lost*; for *want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy, all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail*.

"III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will*; and

"Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.

"*If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting*. *The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes*.

"Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the want great.

"And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children*. You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a little makes a mickle*. Beware of little expenses; *A small leak will sink a great ship*, as Poor Richard says; and again, *Who dainties love, shall beggars prove*; and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them*.

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods*; but if you do not take care they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities*. And again, *At*

a great pennyworth pause awhile. He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths*. Again, *It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance*; and yet this folly is practiced every day at auctions for want of minding the Almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire*, as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that *A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees*, as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, *It is day, and will never be night*; that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but *Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom*, as Poor Richard says, and then, *When the well is dry, they know the worth of water*. But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. *If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing*, as Poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again.

"Poor Dick further advises and says,

"Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

"And again, *Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy*. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, *It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it*. And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

"It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, *Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt. Pride that breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy*. And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot

promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities? We are offered by the terms of the sale six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degress come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, *The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt*, as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt's back*; whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright*.

"What would you think of that prince or of that government who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty by confining you in gaol till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain you may, perhaps, think little of payment, but as Poor Richard says, *Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times*. The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. *Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter*. At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury, but—

"For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

"Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and *It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel*, as Poor Richard says; so, *Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt*.

"Get what you can, and what you get hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.

"And when you have got the Philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, *Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other*, as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that, for it is true, *We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct*. However, remember this, *They that will not be counseled cannot be helped*; and further, that *If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles*, as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiced the contrary just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else, but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it, and although I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

Richard Saunders.



Constructive Hints to Ward Choir Conductors

*By Brigham Cecil Gates, Director School of Music L. D. S. U. Assistant
Conductor Tabernacle Choir, Salt Lake City*

The problem of training a successful ward choir is becoming every day more pressing. The success or failure of the choir depends largely upon the leader's technical efficiency and energy, his initiative and, most of all, his unselfish devotion to duty.

Three elements go to make up a successful conductor: first, ability to organize a well balanced body of singers; second, to maintain regularity of attendance; and third, to produce good music effectively, which involves a certain amount of technical efficiency.

There are various ways of canvassing for members. An energetic campaign may be conducted by the ward teachers, or the chorister with his choir officers may institute a personal canvass. In all cases the hearty cooperation of the bishop should be secured. Few Church members have any real reason for avoiding choir work, and those gifted with a natural love of music can be induced to participate if the work is made interesting. Do not ignore the very young men and women, even if untrained. The injection of fresh young voices into a choir is a good thing.

Frank Damrosch, the eminent American choral conductor, in his book, *Folk Songs and Part Songs*, says: "In organizing a chorus it is necessary to observe the following points in admitting members: 1—quality of voice; 2—ability to read at sight; 3—correctness of musical ear; 4—good balance of voice parts." For our purpose, the first three may be to some extent disregarded, because of the limited selective possibilities of a Ward. A balance of parts, however, is highly desirable. With a well balanced choir, even though it be small, much can be accomplished. Eight singers are preferable to a larger organization, if the parts are very much one-sided. Choral effectiveness is not limited necessarily to size. Balance simply means that no one part predominates, but that all parts are equal in volume. In a choir, say of thirty voices, the following proportions will usually be found satisfactory: nine sopranos, eight altos, six tenors and seven basses.

Of the four parts, the tenor voice is the most penetrating,

hence fewer tenors are needed. However, an accurate balance can only be determined by taking into account the weight of voices in the several parts. A wide-awake choir conductor will make a determined effort to secure this balance.

To maintain a good choir after once assembled is a matter largely of the ability of the conductor to make the work attractive. An occasional evening social and sociability at choir rehearsals have their value, but, after all, the thing that holds a choir is the pleasure that each member has in the work itself. A choir is like a school. There must be constant growth, activity and advancement. Stagnation, repetitions, slipshod methods and stale rehearsals daunt even the bravest and most dutiful.

A good conductor will have everything pertaining to his rehearsal in faultless order. He will come with his organist and secretary at the place of rehearsal in plenty of time to see that the hall is cheerfully lighted, will lay out all music necessary for the evening, check up on attendance, and talk over any current problems that may arise.

When the choir is once assembled and roll called, nothing should interfere with the work in hand. Men and women like to accomplish things, and a conductor who is able to go right after his work will always be respected, even though he may be limited in his musicianship. Interruptions of any kind at a rehearsal are annoying to those who wish to study seriously. Promiscuous talking should never be tolerated. Where an explanation or suggestion is necessary it should be to the point. Often conductors weary their singers by long discussions of one sort or another. Singers primarily come to sing. All business should be handled after the practice, never before nor during one.

For practical purposes the choir should be seated in a semi-circle, where possible. The usual order is either:

<i>Tenor, Soprano, Alto, Bass</i>		<i>Soprano, Alto,</i>
<i>Conductor</i>	or	<i>Tenor, Bass</i>
		<i>Conductor</i>

Every member must occupy a position from which he can see the conductor at all times. If the seats are not raised in tiers sufficiently, the conductor should have his platform raised high enough to insure being seen.

There is no truer saying than that music is its own reward. One enjoys singing good music as keenly as one relishes a well-cooked dinner or seeing a good play. It is my opinion that the problem of providing good music is the most vital one that our choir conductors have to confront. It is not possible to interest a group of singers for long, even with the best of methods, with

constant repetition of old music. One cannot live on a single diet, either in music or food. There must be variety. There is something stimulating to singers in mastering a new piece of music. A conductor's continued success with his choir will be measured, to a large extent, by his ability to secure effective, new music. How to secure new music is a difficulty.

Where choirs are located in our large cities they have direct access to music stores. Music houses, as a rule, are very glad to loan out on approval any sample copies of anthems and anthem books that they have on hand. In the outlying districts where this is not possible, by writing to any music house stating your needs, copies on approval may be secured from which a selection can be made. Following is a list of such houses: G. Shirmer, New York City; Oliver Ditson, Boston, Mass.; Witmark & Sons, New York City; John Church & Co., New York City; and Theodore Prossor, Philadelphia, Pa. Local firms are: Daynes Beebe Music Co., Consolidated Music Co., and the Beesley Music Co., Salt Lake City. Our local publishers are now putting out some very excellent up-to-date anthems of their own, which can be secured on approval on application. *The Modern Anthem Series*, published by the Modern Music Publishing Co., Vermont Building, Salt Lake City, and *The Temple Anthems*, published by the *Deseret News*, Salt Lake City, are two late publications.

After securing music on approval, the choir leader and organist should try the selections over one by one. What constitutes an effective number for chorus singing will be discussed later.

It is always attractive to a choir to present at least once a year a public appearance of some kind, either a cantata, opera or program. There are many easy and effective cantatas and operas which may be had by applying to any one of the above publishing houses.

In case the ward cannot afford to pay the cost of buying the necessary copies for such, they may be hired very cheaply from some music library. The "Tams Music Library, 1600 Broadway, New York, has one of the largest collections of music in America, and it is their business to furnish music of all kinds, costumes, etc., to amateur organizations at a reasonable rate. Also there is Witmark Music Library, New York City; a catalogue of music from these Libraries can be had for the asking.

Next to the personal qualifications of the conductor is the imperative need of a small but strongly welded choir organization.

It is effective to have a choir committee organized by the bishop, consisting of public-spirited and active business men in the ward. The choir organization itself should consist of a conductor, an organist, a secretary and a librarian.

The duties of these several officers are apparent; yet much good labor is lost and results are vastly unsatisfactory because of the failure of one or more of these various officers.

If a conductor has accomplished all that is here set forth, he can justly expect from his members regular attendance at rehearsals. Regularity is paramount for success and should be insisted upon. It is an injustice to an organization for a singer, even though he be exceptional, to sing at a service without a proper rehearsal. It is always demoralizing to good work. A choir cannot hope to master anything other than the simplest selection with irregular rehearsal attendance. This can largely be remedied through the labors of a wide-awake secretary who maintains an accurate checking up system. A roll should be kept and called punctually. It is not a bad idea to send out cards to members who are absent more than three times, reminding them of their duties.

There's a Crystalline Sea

There's a crystalline sea, whose enchanted depths
Lie deep and clear and blue,
All richly paved with the rarest gems,
So alluring to mortal view.

Yet, alas those who delve in its depths serene,
Shall find all their hopes are in vain,
In its deadly brink are many who sink,
And nevermore to rise again.

Its gems are the hopes of this vain world,
With their glittering riches and dross,
For none who have sailed on that deadly sea,
Have ever sailed safely across

Without that glorious ship of faith
That is moved by God's power from above,
That is piloted by the Savior of men,
Born up by His strong arms of love.

Let my soul not enter this deadly sea,
Of worldly ambition and strife,
Let my feet be set firm in the narrow way
That leads to life—eternal life.

Yet many there are who go into that sea
Where—without the light of faith—
They serve the devil eternally—
In worse than death; in worse than death.

Short Creek, Arizona

Annie G. Lauritzen

Comrades in Song

Duet, (Or Chorus in Two Parts.)

To Professors Anthony C. Lund and David Reese

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EVAN STEPHENS.

March time. *f*

(8 va. lower always.)

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It features a series of chords and eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes and chords. The tempo is marked 'March time' and the dynamics 'f' (forte).

Comrades, Comrades, Comrades in song are we.

The first vocal line is written on a single staff in treble clef. It begins with a fermata on the first note, followed by the lyrics 'Comrades, Comrades, Comrades in song are we.' The piano accompaniment continues on two staves (treble and bass clef) with the same key signature and time signature, providing harmonic support for the vocal line.

Still side by side, Long to a-bide, Always in har-mo-

poco rit.

The second vocal line is written on a single staff in treble clef. It begins with the lyrics 'Still side by side, Long to a-bide, Always in har-mo-'. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves (treble and bass clef) with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked '*poco rit.*' (poco ritardando).

ny, Comrades, Comrades, Comrades in calm or

strife, Still with a song, Pass we along, Comrades

ad lib. a tem. 2nd time to Coda.

in all thro' life. When dark the tempest

a tem. 2nd time to Coda.

Loco (as written)

When dark the tempest, Then were you ev er near.....

threatened a - round, Then were you ev-er near.....

rit.
Each in the other a comforter found, ready to

Slowly p
aid and cheer, Sorrows have come, making

Slowly p
8 va lower.

tender the heart; Fate for a time has torn a-

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the bass line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics 'tender the heart; Fate for a time has torn a-' are written below the vocal staff. A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line.

part. Longing to meet a - gain, Learning our

This system contains the next three staves. The lyrics 'part. Longing to meet a - gain, Learning our' are written below the vocal staff. A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line.

worth thro' pain. O, how we longed to meet again!

Colla voce

This system contains the final three staves. The lyrics 'worth thro' pain. O, how we longed to meet again!' are written below the vocal staff. The instruction 'Colla voce' is written below the piano accompaniment staff. A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line.

to meet a - gain! *D.S. CODA*

O, how we longed to meet a - gain! Long,

D.S. Loco

long, Yea, long as life shall last, Let us re-

main, sunshine or rain, Bound in true friendship fast, Yes,

long, long, Still may we chant our song,

rit.

Faithful and true, Our journey thro', Comrades we march a-

rit,

Rit. ad lib.

long; Comrades, comrades, comrades in song are we.

Colla voce



Outlines for Scout Workers

By Delbert W. Parratt, B. S.

XXIX—The American Bittern

“Along its glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest.”
Goldsmith’s “Deserted Village.”

1. The bittern is closely related to what other bird we have studied? Give at least four points in which they are alike.
2. Give at least five other names by which the bittern is known and tell why each is applied to it.
3. Describe its call. At what season is it usually heard? Why then?
4. In what part of our valley does the bittern live? Name two things about the bird that would indicate this?
5. Upon what and during what time of the day does he feed?
6. About how big is the bittern and what is the predominating color? Of what use is this color to him?
7. He often throws his head back and holds his bill in a vertical position. Why? In what way does this aid him?
8. Contrast his flight with that of the great blue heron and tell why the difference.
9. Where is the nest built? Give number and color of eggs.
10. Should he be protected? Why? Do our state laws offer protection to him? If so, in what way?

Handy Material

“I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water;

and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of hosts."
—Isaiah 14:23.

The bird mentioned by both Goldsmith and Isaiah is the European bittern. It is somewhat larger than the bittern so common throughout America, but in most other respects the two are much alike. Both the European and American varieties belong to the heron family and in consequence are closely related to the great blue heron with which we are all so well acquainted.

To bird students the name bittern at once suggests a strong, windy, shudder-giving noise. Some, in describing the peculiar call of the American bird, have compared it with the choked bellow of a bull, and since the bittern frequents boggy places, have named him Bog Bull. Others describe the call as sounding like the driving of stakes into mushy soil, and from this have given him the suggestive name of Stake Driver. Still others compare his call to the noise produced by an old-time suction pump, and therefore have called him Prairie Pump and also Thunder Pumper.

Because his body is much the size of a common hen he is often called the Marsh Hen, and from a peculiar habit of holding his head in a vertical position, he is at times referred to as Look-Up. In our own locality his most common name, aside from bittern, is that of Shitepoke.

"I'll tell you true my heart near broke
When someone called me just shitepoke,
So now with trousers 'bove my knees,
I romp through marshes as I please."

His call, uttered during mating season, is one of his most striking characteristics. You see him standing perfectly motionless when all of a sudden he snaps, gulps, fills his lungs with air, and then bellows forth the most unmusical sound ever heard from a bird. People in different localities describe it variously as "pump-er-bunk," "ump-up-ump" and, perhaps better still, "puck-la-grook." In literature the bittern's harsh, windy voice is made to give the final touch to that which is dismal, desolate, and mournful. It is said to be ventriloquial, easily confusing one as to direction and distance, and thus affording a decided means of protection.

The American bittern is speckly brown and buff. Rather stiff feathers cover his breast and back. His legs are long, but somewhat heavier than those of most other wading birds, and his toes are unusually long and well adapted to keep from sinking into soft mud.

He is semi-nocturnal in habit, and obtains most of his food at twilight. His choicest morsels are frogs, lizards and field mice, although he is very fond of large insects and small snakes.

His well-built neck and long, pointed, strong bill suggest ability to cope with struggling prey or defend against intruding enemies. Stories are told of the bittern standing off and even overcoming small dogs with the skilful use of his dagger-like bill.

His wings are shorter than are those of the heron, and in consequence he is less graceful in flight. Ordinarily his journeys are of short duration from place to place among the swamps.

He is a true hermit of the marshes, and lives alone except during mating season. Then he and his mate seem happy together "in the responsibilities of married life." Their home-nest is rudely constructed of rushes, grass, weeds, and sticks upon the ground in close proximity to water. The eggs, numbering from three to six, are of a brownish drab color.

As a rule, his presence among the reeds is detected with considerable difficulty. His buffish brown plumage, almost the color of the surrounding vegetation, is surely a decided protection to him. For hours at a time he stands motionless among the shielding rushes and grasses in wait for unsuspecting prey or to enjoy the pleasures of midday slumbers. If disturbed through cause of fear he thrusts his bill straight up and silently watches until the intruder has disappeared. It is said that his protective habits are so remarkable that if the reeds among which he is standing are swaying the bird will swing back and forth in unison with their motion. This, of course, makes his body appear as rushes in the wind and the upturned bill as nothing more than a stiff, pointed blade projecting above a common brown clump.

A few years ago bitterns were somewhat numerous among the swamps of our state, but through incessant activities of thoughtless gunners and inroads of noisy civilization, they are at present comparatively scarce. In consequence of this our interest-giving marshes are sadly losing one of their distinctive charms for students of literature and lovers of nature. It is difficult to imagine a complete picture of one of our summer sloughs without its lonely bittern. Green vegetation and rise in temperature are not alone sufficient to convert a winter's swamp into one of summer. Rob the scene of its birds and you scourge it with German "kultur."

"Where bird-life touches ours we feel an uplifting influence. We are better fitted for the service which it is our privilege to render to the world. Our horizon is broadened beyond the self-interest, the egoistic, to the altruistic conception of life. We cannot live in the presence of these creatures so full of life without being spurred to more earnest effort ourselves. When we fail to see in the world of nature about us what it is our privilege to see, we are losing that much of life. Let us open our eyes to all the influences that may shape our lives toward best living."



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SPARTACANS VS. GOVERNMENT TROOPS IN BERLIN

Revolutionary tendencies were at a high pitch throughout Germany in early March. In the above photo German soldiers and sailors of the Government are being fed by German women. The soldier, it might be remarked, carries a hand grenade in his belt, and the sailor is of the late lamented "Westfalen," surrendered after the Armistice was signed. In the lower photo Spartacan and Government troops are seen discussing the possibilities of a cessation of hostilities in the streets of Berlin. As a flag of truce, the man at the left has utilized a white lace curtain.

How Elsa Came From Germany

By Annie D. Palmer

This is not a war story, but the terrible suffering of the war-time has intensified by many degrees the appreciation and gratitude, for having been led to the Valleys of the Mountains, in the days when peace was in the land. And as Elsa now reads with tear-dimmed eyes the story of her war-stricken country, she often wonders why the hand of God should so have guided her, while her friends are left to partake of the sins and sorrows of her native land. Let men say it was chance, let women declare her a daughter of fortune—to those who know the gospel of Christ, she is literally one of God's chosen children.

We may not know what noble work was hers, what songs of praise she sang, what words of love she uttered; but this we know—her spirit lived before it came to earth; in the spirit world it was in harmony with the will of God; and when it left the heavenly courts to gain the experiences of earth life, God gave his angels charge to keep close watch upon its wanderings.

Elsa's father died when she was very young, and her mother had gone into business in the big city of Dresden, the business of a flower vender. Elsa had lived with her grandparents in a pretty little village among the hills. Here she had gone to school and read the books that other German children read, and played the games that other German children played. And the fresh air and sunshine had brought roses to her cheeks and sparkle to her eyes. And the loving care of the grandparents had kept her honest and truthful and innocent. So when, at the age of fourteen, Elsa came to the city to live with her mother, and to arrange the vases and baskets and floral designs, there was not a blossom among them all that was more perfectly formed or more beautiful to look upon than was she, the flower of the Meisen valley.

Her mother was exceedingly proud of her, and took her to relic halls, to picture galleries, to grand operas, to every place where friends and acquaintances might see and admire. But always, the mother guarded her child carefully, lest her youth and inexperience should lead her into evil ways. And the little girl was taught to hate flattery and to be very distrustful of the

fine looking men who came to purchase nosegays and asked her to arrange their purchases properly in their buttonholes.

In those happy days there was between mother and daughter but one secret. The mother, unknown to Elsa, was investigating a strange creed. How little did she dream, as she sat poring over the fascinating pages of the Book of Mormon, that that creed should become their strongest bond of union, as well as the cause that should separate them for life!

"What do you think, mother dear?" Elsa said excitedly, as she ran in from school on a stormy afternoon, "what do you think? Edith Kjer's father and mother have joined the 'Mormons!' Oh, mother, I shall never like Edith any more, never! How could they do it? They were such nice people, too!"

"What do you know about the 'Mormons,' Elsa?" asked the mother, deeply hurt, yet wondering what her daughter really had heard.

"Well—not very much, mother; only all the girls in high school say they are low and wicked—and they can't get a hall to preach in—and the magistrate has ordered every one of them sent to jail."

"Does my daughter remember that when the Savior was on the earth the rulers of the land not only had him put in jail, but that they had him put to death as well?"

"But, mother, he was perfect and these 'Mormons' are wicked."

"We do not know that they are wicked; and I do not believe they are."

"Why, mother! Surely you have not joined them, too!"

"No, I have not. But I have read some of their books, and I think I have never read anything better."

"But you will not join them, mother! You could not! Why, all the girls and boys would hate me, and I could never go to high school any more, and nobody would come to buy flowers, and maybe the man who grows the roses would not even sell them to us any more."

"If what the 'Mormon' elders teach is true," the mother answered, as she folded the trembling girl in her arms, "it is worth every sacrifice, even though it should be life itself. But do not be alarmed. We shall pray about it, and we shall be led aright."

"I shall never pray about it, mother—unless I pray that you will never be a 'Mormon.' Mother dear, I love you so! I love you so!"

The girl burst into hysterical sobbing. It was the first real sorrow of her life. And as yet she was only half aware of the hatred and scorn that so surely followed the converts of the unpopular faith.

Elsa was very quiet during the days that followed when her companions told in angry tones how the 'Mormons' had baptized five people in the last month and how they had heard that Edith as well as her parents was among the number. Of course, Edith was no longer in school, and Elsa reflected that very soon her school days, too, would be over.

She said no more to her mother about it. In fact she said much less to her about anything than formerly, but she watched with suspicious eye, ever dreading the time when her mother should unite herself with the despised new sect. Once the anxious mother tried to persuade her to read the Book of Mormon. She listened patiently, but painfully, to the wonderful story as narrated by her mother, to the defense her mother made of the people so much despised, and to the earnest, soulful plea for a fair judgment. Then she arose, and in the most haughty manner she had ever assumed, assured the earnest pleader, that never so long as she lived would she pollute herself by taking in her hands even a leaflet that the vile "Mormons" had carried. With that she left the room, and the subject became to both of them forbidden ground.

A year went by. And still the mother prayed and hoped, and still the maiden nursed her hatred for the creed she was too proud to try to understand.

One day, led by the same good angel that had been charged with Elsa's keeping, there came into the store a stalwart stranger in the uniform of the German soldier. He purchased at the stand a tiny spray of forget-me-nots, and while Mrs. Miller was getting the change, remarked:

"I have been told, madam, that your name is Miller. Am I right?"

"Quite right," the woman answered, returning the change. "Of what interest can my name be to you?"

"Of very great interest, my good woman," he replied. "My name is also Miller. I am trying to collect the names of all the Millers, in the hope that we may trace relationships, and in the end establish one great family tree. Pardon me, Mrs. Miller, but I have also been told that you are interested in 'Mormonism.' Am I right again?"

For a moment the woman hesitated, overcome with fear. Then she reasoned that only the 'Mormons' themselves know who are their investigators, and she answered frankly:

"Yes, you are right again. I have been reading carefully for many months. What do you think about the 'Mormons?'"

"So much that I am one of them," he answered, extending his hand.

She grasped it warmly and invited him to come inside and talk over some points of doctrine with her.

Elsa had come to the door that divided the living room from the store, at the sound of the stranger's voice. Now she sat with her book on a low stool behind a huge basket of long-stemmed, scarlet roses.

"It is this tract," began Mrs. Miller, as she took from a high shelf an inoffensive looking little pamphlet and handed it to the stranger. "This is the one that is hardest to understand."

"And most comforting when once we begin to understand it," he added. "Let me tell you a little of my experience. Three years ago my mother died. She had been a good woman, always seeking for light, but never quite satisfied with her religion. When she had been dead for about a year, she came to me one night in a dream. Her long, thick hair hung down her back unkempt; her face was drawn as with sorrow; her eyes were red with much weeping; and still she wrung her hands and wept. When I awoke in the morning the dream was fixed in my mind. When I went to sleep again at night it was repeated. And night after night, night after night, my mother came to me, always as at first, unkempt, sorrowing, weeping.

"The dream worried me at first; and when it was so oft repeated, I grew distracted. 'What does my poor mother want me to do?' I asked myself, 'why is she so distressed?'

"Mother had taught me prayer when I was a little child. So now I prayed earnestly to God to let me understand what I was to do for my sainted mother. A few days later, when I came to my boarding house, the landlady said; 'Those men have left some more of their vile tracts, today. They are in your room.'

"On reaching my room I found them: '*Faith, Repentance, and Baptism*,' and this one, '*Salvation for the Dead*.'

"I sat down at once and began to read. Believe me, Mrs. Miller, I almost devoured this tract, '*Salvation for the Dead*.' It was the thing I wanted. It was what my mother wanted. 'I'm going to Utah to save my parents,' I said to myself that night. 'I have no money, but if I have to walk half the way, I shall go there where the holy temples are built!'

"That night my mother did not come.

"I began to hunt up our genealogy; and by spending much time and all my earnings, I have traced our family line back to the year, 1700. When I had finished this work, my mother visited me once again. This time she was dressed in white. Her hair was in smooth braids above her brow. A smile of peace was on her face. And when I cried out, 'Oh, mother, am I doing right?' she clasped her hands joyfully and vanished. I know that what I am doing pleases her, and I shall go on to a finish. Mrs. Miller, there is no guess work about it. 'Mor-

monism' is true! *I know it is true!* And I would die rather than give it up!"

He turned his head and caught the solemn, upturned eyes of Elsa as she was watching him from behind the roses.

From the moment she heard his testimony and looked into his honest eyes, the girl knew that she would be a "Mormon."

But the struggle was not over. Satan also knew, and it was his part to put up as hard a fight as possible. When Mr. Miller was gone, Elsa began to argue with herself:

"Oh, he thinks he is so smart! I know as much as he does. He knew I was behind the roses, and was talking for my benefit. Look at the beautiful church where I worship, and then at the poor little shabby hall where the 'Mormons' gather!"

She could not quite argue herself out of it, though her pride certainly made a bold stand.

Once when she felt sure that neither her mother nor her friends would know, she attended a "Mormon" meeting, in order to have some fun—to find something to ridicule. Of course, in that frame of mind no real good could come of her going; but she could not help seeing the earnestness of the worshipers, nor feeling that, at least it was no laughing matter.

From that time she lost her bouyancy of spirit; there was a constant struggle going on in her mind. It affected her physically, so that her appetite failed, and sleep forsook her. The family physician was consulted, but failed to diagnose satisfactorily. Her mother became anxious, but found no solution to the trouble.

With herself, the girl argued constantly:

"You know it is true, you are too proud to own it, what if you should die? You would not be saved, you must—but your friends will all desert you—you will lose your good name—you will lose all, *all!*"

One by one she read the tracts she found on the high shelf where her mother kept them. How hungrily she read them! What solace and comfort they brought! Then she decided to go again to hear the "Mormons" preach. She could hardly wait for Sunday. As she sat and listened, prayerfully this time, to the explanations of the gospel, such a flood of joy and gladness swept into her soul, that she felt herself ready for baptism at once; she told her mother that night when they were going to bed; and the two white-robed figures sat long in the dying fire light clasped in each others arms, one in faith, one in hope, one in desire.

It was a dark, dismal, rainy night in early September. Very few pedestrians were abroad, and these carried their umbrellas low, or wore caps close over their faces to protect them

from the driving rain. No pretty face could attract notice on a night like this, no figure however grotesque, receive attention.

Slowly and carefully the two elders led the way through the less frequented streets of the city, over the smoothest walks of its suburbs, along the narrow footpath on the river's bank. Elsa and her mother followed, each enveloped in a long, gray cloak and carrying a small bundle under her arm. The young soldier musician came last with the measured step and lofty bearing that his army life had taught him. They spoke seldom, and when they did it was low and subdued.

"Mother, dear," said Elsa, drawing close to her side, "surely it is right! But the night is so dark! It is as if heaven frowned."

"The darkness is our protection, my Elsa," replied the mother. "Do you not remember how the crowds followed and hissed and threw stones when Brother and Sister Hafen were baptized? With us it will all be peace because of the rain that is sent of heaven."

Elsa was silent again, but the awful struggle with doubt and fear and dread went on. Satan was putting forth a last mighty effort to keep her from joining God's people. She feared the persecution that she knew would come. She dreaded the loneliness and shame when all her friends should turn away in derision and scorn, when they would point her out in the streets, when they would turn from meeting her as they had turned from Edith Kjer. She doubted, not that the gospel was true, but that she should be strong enough to hold out, that it was even wise to embrace it just now. Elsa was a child of light, and the darkness was so terrible.

"We must be very near the place," remarked Elder Johnson, who was leading the way.

"I think it is a quarter of a mile farther," answered Elder Christensen. "I remember this clump of willows."

Elsa raised her eyes and noticed a very unusual commotion in the sky. Great clouds were hurrying across the face of the heavens at a speed she had never seen before. The rain had ceased. Gradually the path began to grow distinct, and objects a short distance away took form. In a few minutes more they reached the place, a secluded cove in the river Elbe, where several times before the elders had performed the ordinance of baptism.

A few solemn moments were given to prayer and instruction, and then Elder Johnson went down into the water, even as John went when the Blessed Lamb of God came to him for baptism. Elsa was to be first. As she threw aside her cloak and took the outstretched hand of Elder Johnson, a glorious

flood of light streamed out from amid the scudding clouds, and the great full face of the moon looked down, smiling and approving.

Elsa's mother had made for her a loose, white robe, for her baptism, and on it had embroidered her name and the date of the ordinance. As the white-robed figure paused a moment to carefully feel the way, Henry Miller beheld in her a picture of loveliness that might never be erased from his memory. What Elsa saw was the light. Never in art gallery, or grand opera, or spectacular stage effect in the great theaters, had she seen anything so wondrously beautiful, so sublimely grand.

There was the calm face of the water with the flood of moonlight upon it. On the far side the trees and bright colored shrubbery were mirrored in never ending depths of peace and stillness. Near at hand the handsome soldier stood with folded arms, the humble Elder Christensen sat upon a huge stone, and Elsa's mother, also robed in white, stood waiting with a look so pure and serene she might have been the guardian angel whom God had sent to give comfort to the young girl. In the distance, through the vista of trees twinkled the lights of the city, and across the sky dark clouds were still scudding away. A moment the big dark hulk of a river steamer obtruded itself into the perfect loveliness; but it was transient, as are many of the sorrows, as well as many of the joys of life.

Elder Johnson gently drew the young woman into the water, and according to the pattern set by Christ himself, she came into the fold at the strait gate.

The loss of friends and society was all Elsa feared it would be. But she had her mother, and the two found such infinite joy in the gospel, that they were fully compensated. And now the handsome soldier began to visit frequently. He, too, was enjoying the spirit of his conversion, and many a glad hour was spent by the three in discussing the subjects of their faith. Sometimes the mother occupied her time with other things, and then the young people talked of other themes. When Henry felt himself unable to express himself in words, he spoke to Elsa in the sweet tones of his violin.

But Henry must go to Utah. His mother's happiness depended upon the temple work he was preparing to do. He could not ask Elsa to marry him, for he was only a common soldier, and her mother would never consent. But he used to say, "why can't we go to Utah together?" And Elsa understood.

In his constant study of the gospel the young man was building up a great faith; and now in the thought of going so far from the girl he loved without even the promise that she

would sometime follow, he prayed to God for guidance. His prayer was answered by a dream. In this dream he crossed the ocean and in a strange land came into a magnificent building, where, in the presence of a throng of men and women all dressed in white, he was married to Elsa.

So Henry was satisfied, and hurried his preparations for departure. There was no proposal, and no acceptance. He pressed the hand of her at parting and whispered: "We will leave it with God. He will open up the way for you to come—how I do not know, but trust him. You will come."

Two months later Elsa was very sick with inflammatory rheumatism. When she was moved she was lifted on a sheet. She writhed and moaned and screamed with pain. The roses faded from her cheeks and the sparkle from her eye. It seemed to every one who saw her that surely she must die. Repeatedly the elders administered without seeing any change. Then they called a fast. All the missionaries in Germany and as many of the Saints as would join them were to fast on the last day of the year and offer prayer for the recovery of the lovely girl who had been the "Flower of Meisen Valley."

Very few, indeed, were the Saints who did not join. One crippled old woman who made boxes for a living, brought to the elders an offering of money the next Sunday, because she had fasted for Elsa.

The dawn of the New Year was ushered in with great noise of whistles and bells and cannons and shouting, according to the custom in Germany. And Elsa lay with swollen feet and legs, screaming with pain, and sick unto death. When she knew she was alone she folded her hands and prayed: "Oh, Father, I can stand it no longer! Please to take me home!"

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," called Elsa.

No one came; but a shock as of an electric current went through her frame. The pain was gone. The suffering ceased. The sickness was healed. The girl knew that only the weakness remained as a witness of her affliction.

She looked at the clock. It was ten.

In fifteen minutes, Elder Johnson came in and told her how they had met together in fasting and prayer, and how at ten o'clock they had received the unmistakable assurance that all was well.

Through that glad New Year's day and the following night it seemed to the girl that her room was filled with unseen personages, and that they were there for her protection.

"It is surprising how she has recovered," said one of Dresden's greatest physicians to Elsa's mother a few weeks later.

"It is strange and wonderful, but she can never stand another attack. If the disease returns she will die."

"What must I do to prevent another attack?" asked the anxious mother.

"She must go away. She must have other air and altitude. On the coast of the North Sea she will be well."

"No not on the coast of the North Sea, Sister Miller," said Elder Johnson in calm deliberation, as they discussed the situation by the fireside that evening, "but in Utah. In all the world there is no better place for Elsa. She will grow well and strong in our pure, dry, mountain air; and she will be at home with the people of God."

Elder Johnson wondered afterward at his boldness in thus declaring the air of Utah to be good for rheumatism; but he had spoken as he was directed, and in this case he was not mistaken.

"I cannot let her go! What do I know about Utah? The ways of the people, their homes, their food, even their language—all are strange! And she is so tender, my darling Elsa! Who will take care of her, if she gets sick again?"

"She will be in Zion, and she will be well," urged the elder.

"Oh, mother, it will be best for me. Do let me go!" pleaded Elsa.

It took a great deal of argument, but at last when one of the missionaries assured them that she could find a home in Utah with his mother; and when the dream-angel had soothed the mother heart to rest, it was settled.

"Elsa, darling," the mother said firmly, "you may go to Utah."

"Mother, dear—"

"I dreamed, my daughter, in my dream I saw a neat little cottage. Within on a bed of snowy whiteness, lay my Elsa with an infant in her arms—a beautiful baby girl with blue eyes and golden hair. In the background I saw a man of noble bearing, his features indistinct in the semi-darkness. I knew he was her husband."

From that time until the day of departure there were no more tears.

In the weeks that followed, the woman planned and worked in preparation for the departure. The fond grandparents wrote of hearts that were breaking with sorrow. But the mother spoke not of her pain, though neighbors noticed that the few weeks had streaked her glossy brown hair with silver.

When they were packing the trunk Elsa saw many a piece of dainty underwear and serviceable linen to go into it that she had never seen before, and she knew in a vague way, that the great mother sorrow was being lessened by the sacrifice of love.

"Are those the table linens you bought last Christmas, mother?" Elsa asked, bending over the trunk.

"Yes, dear."

"I will not have them, mother. You are giving me everything."

"I want you to have them for your home in Utah."

Elsa wondered if her mother were thinking of the soldier, but she dared not ask.

The last hours before the departure were spent by mother and daughter alone in a little cabin of the great steamer. There was little to be said, for these two women had been saying to each other for weeks the love and fear and hope that was in their hearts. They sat closely enfolded in each other's arms, the mothers frame shaking with sobs, the daughter tenderly caressing, as tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Mother, dear," whispered Elsa, "what if I had died?" I came so near to death when I was sick!"

"Yes," sobbed the mother, "Yes, and now you are going away. And I shall never see you again—in life." She added the last two words after a pause in which the thought of the glorious resurrection came to her.

"Do not say that, mother. I shall surely come back to visit you. I could not go if I did not think that. Five years will soon go, and by that time I can come."

With such bright dreams does hope ever dispel the grief of youth. The older woman's experience had taught her the uncertainty of hope.

"I have asked Elder Peterson to look after you on the voyage and until you reach Salt Lake City," she answered. "He is so full of spiritual strength, so kind, he has promised to be like a brother to you—"

"I shall be safe, mother. The kind heavenly Father—"

"Yes, yes, dear. The heavenly Father will care for you, and in the end all will be well. We must remember, though, that sometimes the heavenly Father allows us to suffer bitter trials, even as his Only Begotten Son was brought down to Gethsemane, in order to bring about his will. We must strengthen our faith for these times of trial. Let us kneel, Elsa, and pray together once more before I must leave the ship."

And the women prayed. First Elsa offered her simple petition for safety, and for heaven's care and comfort for her mother. Then the mother in fervent, piteous appeal invoked the favor of God in behalf of her only child, her hope, her comfort, her light.

The great gong was sounding before they left their knees.

With one long, clinging embrace the mother tore herself away and sent Elder Peterson to speak comfort to his charge.

Elsa's spirits soon revived. Youth and hope and the new outlook on life were in her favor. And she was going to Zion, to the place where right was law, where people knew the Lord and served him, where there would be many friends, where she would not be sick, and where she felt sure the soldier musician waited.

There were hours of homesickness on the way, and after the arrival, too. It took so long to get over the feeling of wanting to turn to mother as in the days of old. And there was so much responsibility in being all alone. But when Elsa could turn her eyes toward the beautiful temple, new courage came to her and despondency fled.

She had been in Salt Lake City for two weeks and had not seen or heard of Henry Miller. Why did he not seek her? Had he forgotten? How could she find him? In her innocence and simplicity she went to the Lord and asked him to direct her, if it was his will, that they should be united, to send her lover to her. With all the sincerity of her soul she prayed, and then went cheerfully about her tasks, confident that her prayer was heard.

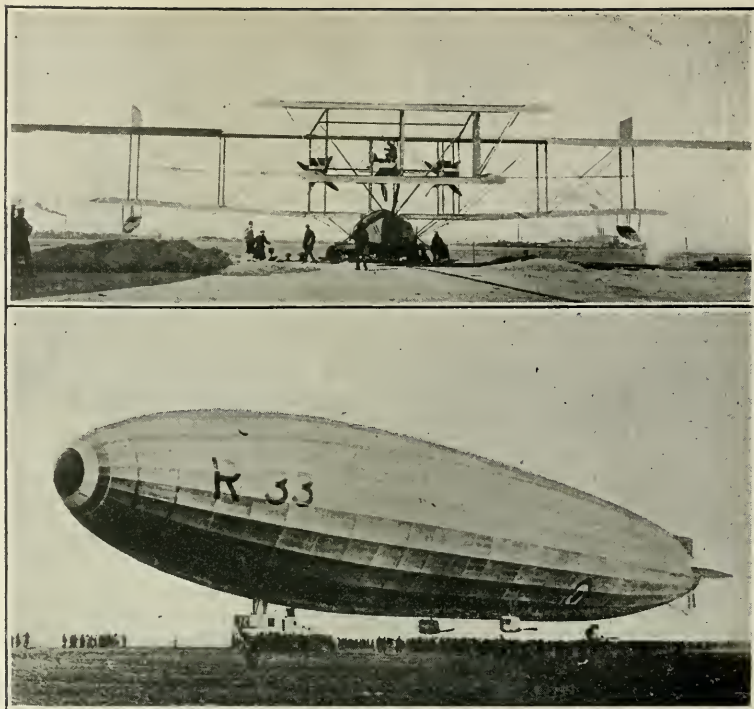
The next afternoon, as she sat busy with some mending, she heard voices and, looking from the window, saw Henry Miller and several others entering the house.

"We have come to take you to Lehi," Henry said, when first greetings were over; and there was no question in the girl's mind as to whether or not she would go.

How speedily now, and how naturally there came about the fulfilment of events! First, it was the wedding in the holy temple, amid the white robed throng; then it was the vicarious work for the salvation of Henry's mother, and hosts of other ancestors; then it was the cosy little home where love and happiness were warbled forth in song by Elsa, and poured out in the melting tones of the violin by her husband; and then, after a while, there came a day when Henry wrote to the mother over sea:

"There came to us this morning a beautiful baby girl, with blue eyes and golden hair. All well."

Thus by significant dreams and inspired thoughts did her guardian angel shape the course of this humble daughter of a distant land, and to bring her to our peaceful vales in the tops of the mountains, to be one with God's chosen people.



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TRANS-ATLANTIC FLIGHT

The upper picture represents the No. 1—one of the giant sea-planes which are being prepared for trans-Atlantic flight, at the United States Naval Air Station, Rockaway Point, N. Y. It is built to rise from and land on water. The machine is a bi-plane, and the top wing has a spread of 126 feet 6 inches. There is a 12 foot gap between the upper and lower wings, at the engine section; while the width of the wings is 12 feet. Three twin propellers, each with two blades, are turned by three Liberty motors of 400 horsepower each. Probably before the No. 1 is completed another motor may be added, making a total of 1600 horsepower. It is expected that the ship will have a crew of five men, each a skilled pilot, and will take turns at flying it.

The lower picture, representing the British trans-Atlantic airship, R. 33, is the largest of its kind in the world. It made its debut recently at Shelby, Yorkshire, England, and on its maiden flight remained three hours in the air, and reached an altitude of 2,000 feet. The photo shows the R 33 rising gracefully from the ground while the joyous workers and spectators let forth a volley of cheers.

Home Poems

[Mr. J. Y. Card, of Cardston, Alberta, Canada, sends the *Era* the following poem by Mr. William Laurie, a barrister, of Cardston. He adds: "His two sons, Douglas and Telford, have been through the thick of the fight in Europe. Douglas left when he was nineteen and Telford when he was 22 years of age, in 1915 and 1916 respectively. They have both seen active service and both been wounded. These boys are the only children of Mr. Laurie and his wife, having come here from Battleford, Saskatchewan, to make their final home among the people of Cardston. Mr. Laurie is a highly respected citizen and a very capable lawyer. The poem was written when the news reached him of the home-coming of his younger son. He expects that the other son will follow shortly."—*Editors*.]

The Lad is Coming Home

Say, folks, great news! the lad is coming home!
His ship has sailed; our boy is on the foam.
His Dad can talk of nothing else but his returning boy;
While Mumsie weeps and smiles, and weeps again for joy,
To think that soon she'll fold him to her breast,
Who left a kid, and now—grown man—seeks rest.
For four long years she's fretted day by day,
Dreading to hear that on the battlefield he lay;
And now, for truth, this news too good would seem,
And worries of past days are but a frenzied dream.

Each night beside her bed the mother bends the knee
And sends a prayer to God above for him at sea;
While Dad—that's me—is walking as on air,
To think that soon there'll be no vacant chair.

We're proud, you say? Well, I'd tell a man we were,
To know our lad has done his bit "out there;"
And prouder still to know he did not stay
Till forced to go; he hied himself away
Across the sea to share the Empire's fight
For truth and justice and for God and right.

He's coming home to us alive and well
From Flanders' fields, back from the jaws of hell!
But on his sleeve he wears the little golden bar
Which tells that he has spilled his blood in war.
'Twas German shrapnel on the bloody field of Somme
That made old Blighty for many months his home.

"I've not yet done my bit," he wrote his Dad;
"But I've done some." So wrote the brave young lad,
As back to France he went, yet once again,
To face the cooties, gas, and mud, and rain.

No "cushie" job for him, nor "safety first,"
 But where old Fritzie tried to do his worst,
 At Paschendael and Lens and Vimy Ridge,
 Cambrai and Amiens, and that little bridge
 Where many sons of Canada lay down
 Their dear young lives to save the Empire's crown;
 Finishing at Mons, on that November day
 Where German hordes, at last being brought to bay,
 Cried "Kamerad," and, throwing down their arms,
 Gave rest at last from war and war's alarms.

Small wonder, then, his Dad with joy is wild,
 And Mumsie yearns once more t' embrace her child.
 Small wonder that his mother toils till late
 To make good things for darling boy to "ate,"
 While Dad, each day, is searching everywhere
 To find the biggest, fattest goose that e'er
 Drew breath. No fatted calf for us: our boy
 Has never cost a pang except of joy.

And while we jubilate o'er son's return,
 We strive to think of those who mourn
 For those dear ones who died that we might still
 Live on in peace and plenty and good will.

The days were long while he was overseas,
 But none seemed half so long as these
 While waiting for the word, his ship is here,
 That soon his face his parents' hearts will cheer.

Cardston, Alberta, Canada

Wm. Laurie

The American Ace

The dull, gray dawn was hanging low,
 The air was naught but mist,
 When from a tent an "ace" appeared
 And shook his heavy fist.

His face was turned toward Germany,
 His eys were steely gray,
 He set his lips and grit his teeth,
 And turned the other way.

He gave a signal with one word,
 A man was at his side,
 A whispered word, and all was still,
 A flap was drawn aside.

He donned his cap and mackinaw,
 And strode inside the tent;
 He tested planes and tightened wires,
 Then to the clouds he went.

Straight on he went towards Germany,
 His plane was working fine,
 When all at once he spied a town,
 The one he wished to find.

A minute more and down it sped,
 The bomb was on its way.
 A muffled roar came to his ears
 It was the "ace's" pay.

He turned around to circle back,
 When all at once, he heard
 A shell whiz by his little craft
 And whistling like a bird.

The next one tore a piece of cloth
 From off his right hand plane;
 He dropped another bomb on them,
 And circled back again.

Upon his face he wore a sneer
 And hatred written there.
 Another bullet passed him went
 Whizzing through the air.

Another came, and still some more,
 Until one grazed his head;
 He lost control of everything,
 And down to earth he sped.

But now we leave him on his way,
 While he flies on through space,
 And mourn his death, poor willing soul,
 That brave "American Ace!"

Denver, Colorado

Lester James Herrick

The Gifts You Hold

Why cling to earthly baubles,
 For false as fair are they;
 When all you can hold, in your cold, dead hands,
 Is that you've given away?

Why build grand tow'ring castles,
 When they are made of clay,
 And all you can hold, in your cold, dead hands,
 Is that you've given away?

Why choose the crown most costly,
 Or wear the raiment gay,
 When all you can hold, in your cold, dead hands,
 Is that you've given away?

Some burdened heart make lighter,
 As on you go each day,
 Then closely pressed within your cold, dead hands
 The love you've given away.

Then, O give love forever,
 Your actions let it sway:
 Full to o'erflowing then, your spirit hands,
 With flowers that bloom away.

Salt Lake City

Lydia D. Alder

Life's Code

It mattereth little, the trial that smote thee, the sorrow that took up its
 abode with thee, the cruel thorn that pierced thee; but what thou
 learnest of these, mattereth much.

It mattereth little, the treasure thou possessest, the domicile that shelters
 thee, thy board as also thy habit; but the service thou renderest a
 needing world, mattereth much.

It mattereth little, the temptation that secretly beset thee; but the dispatch
 with which it was put behind thee mattereth much.

Thine enemy's hatred mattereth little; but the way thou chooseth to bless
 him mattereth much.

It mattereth little, the honors bestowed upon thee, by an appreciative world;
 but how thou honorest thine own soul, mattereth much.

Whether skies be gray or blue, whether sings the lark or sighs the linnet,
 mattereth little; but the degree of divine harmony maintained in thine
 own heart, mattereth much.

Holbrook, Arizona *Addie Savage Pace*

Life's Eventide

How I love the soft, gray shadows in the sky at eventide!
 That pearly grayness tinged with pink and rose!
 For it sets my heart reflecting on a home and fireside
 Where old folk sit when life draws to a close.

When the western sun is sinking in a glory bathed in gold,
 How beautiful the ending of the day!
 'Tis the promise of the better life in clarion accents told
 To those who pass before us on their way.

As I sit and watch the splendor of the setting of the sun,
 A blaze of red-gold beauty in the west,
 'Tis a glimpse of coming glory for their triumphs nobly won,
 When shadows call the old folk home to rest.

For the spirits of our aged folk are always young and strong,
 And could you follow them across the stream,
 You would see them find the haven where the summer-time is long,
 And life is good beyond their fondest dream.

Sydney, Australia *Henry C. de Witt*

Nearer to Thee

Nearer to Thee, on the mountain side;
 Nearer to Thee, neath the pines;
 Nearer to Thee, in the aspen grove,
 Hearing Thy voice in the winds.

Nearer to Thee, in the canyon glen;
 Nearer to Thee, by the stream;
 Nearer to Thee, in the woodland shade,
 Nearer, yes nearer I seem.

Nearer to Thee, 'neath the bright blue sky;
 Nearer to Thee, on the hill;
 Eager, more eager to answer Thy call;
 Quicker to serve at Thy will.

Provo, Utah

Samuel Biddulph

The Superior Man

By Lloyd O. Ivie

Here and there throughout the world can be found, towering in purity and nobility above his fellows, a morally clean man. He is a man who is superior to the little innocent child—if such a thing were possible,—because he is knowingly pure-minded. He thinks no evil, not because he has not yet come in contact with it, but because he has developed the manhood to overcome it. He has *ascended* from the innocence of childhood, not *descended*.

He is not always popular. On the other hand, he is shunned and derided by a certain class of people. Of course, in their hearts they respect him, and look up to him. But it is from afar, as if they were gazing upon the grandeur of a lofty mountain from the valley below. They behold the splendor, but partake not of the joy, nor the music, nor the sacredness of ascending and breathing its atmosphere.

He is often grossly misunderstood. His actions are misinterpreted and misconstrued. Sometimes he is even martyred by those who afterwards build monuments to his memory. He is often crucified. And seldom does he escape the abuse and slander of petty, jealous minds. They pin indecent signs upon his back, but they cannot touch his heart. Those who laugh at the imaginary discomfiture are not those who walk abreast with him. He leaves a path of flowers along his course, which they gather many years after to decorate his grave.

He is not afraid to do right. Where help is needed, he helps. Where solace and comfort are required, he is found with a heart full of cheer and charity. When others are ungrateful and thoughtless, he is helpful and forbearing. Not even a sparrow can evade his watchful kindness. He does not waste time in attempting to point out your wrong to you, but he spares no pains in showing and leading you aright in all love and tenderness. Then he forgets what he has done and looks toward the next act of goodness. He is not even disturbed if you fail to thank him for his blessing. He would help you again if you needed it.

He is not rash. Everything he does is carefully deliberated. Sometimes, in his sincere politeness, he will beg your pardon; when it is you who ought to have sought forgiveness of him. In his heart you are forgiven even before you ask it.

He is not always dressed in spotless clothing. Rather, he is soiled with the dust and dirt of toil. His hands are calloused, and his face is burned and tanned. Still he is clean—perfectly immaculate within. No weed has ever touched his lips, and he legislated against liquor even before he saw the sparkling cup. His angel mother is a rejoicing witness; his pledge is sealed with her kiss. He thinks no evil; hence, does none.

All women are safe in his company. Were all men like him, an underworld would be impossible. Woman could not then lose that which is more precious to her than life itself. If he happened to be thrown unknowingly into that company which is not pure, the vile would remain untouched, for the sake of his own chastity. And he would not remain there for the space of a single moment. He knows no double standard. Yet he is not prudish and hidden-minded. He is never known to utter even an allusion to obscenity, whether among men or among women. Every word he utters is fit to be spoken in the presence of the noblest of ladies. Even in marriage, which he holds sacred and divine, he knows perfect control. He does not seek a license; he makes a covenant. It is not a release to him; it is a resolve. Love is not a smouldering flame of passion within him; it is a heaven-sought and heaven-given seedling which he knows he must culture and care for eternally. Any mother can rest easy if she knows her daughter is in his company. She knows her child is as safe with him as she could be at home. In his mind there is only one step,—and it is a short one,—between true motherhood and the celestial kingdom of God.

He is found in church when church time comes. He is religious, but not a fanatic. The church building is not a divine storehouse to him; it is his Sabbath home. He prays as regularly and earnestly in secret as he does in the presence of others. He is just as honest in dealing with himself as he is in dealing with others. Business men tie him up with notes and contracts merely as a matter of form; for his word is sufficient.

He is dignified, but not funereal. He can play bucking horse on the parlor carpet, or dancing bear in the nursery, or he can stand calmly and self-collectedly in the presence of nobles and kings. He can walk with ease and grace upon showy and magnificent carpets, and rugs of silk and camel's hair; but he prefers to wear overalls, hoe potatoes, and plant corn.

He is not always silent in public affairs. When he has something to say, he says it. To him silence does not always denote wisdom. He remembers his school days when certain classmates held their tongues because they were ignorant of what their teacher was talking about, rather than because they were wiser.

He can laugh, but is not boisterous. He can talk, but is

...er loquacious. Sometimes he mourns, but he does not manufacture his sorrows into advertising posters to be placed on every sign-board along the public highway.

He holds nothing against his neighbor. The world is not in debt to him; he is a debtor to the world. What he gets he is thankful for. What he fails to get he cannot count as his loss.

He is never known to speak ill of another. He does not love himself as his neighbor; he "loves his neighbor as himself." His whole life is a universal blessing, and his remembrance a thing of joy forever.

He is indeed an ideal man, *A Superior Man*.

Raymond Alta, Canada

Memorial Day

Our loved ones there in heaven,
However safe and happy,
Are yet forever longing
For us they knew on earth.

Though theirs is bliss eternal,
Their hearts still hold affections,
Their eyes still seek the lovelight
That lit their mortal days.

Our faces, unforgotten,
Still haunt their wistful dreaming,
As their long-cherished features
Shall e'er illumine ours.

So now, with wreaths and garlands,
We waft across the silence
The words of love unchanging
They fain would hear us speak.

In every perfect blossom
Is a message of remembrance
To loved ones gone before us
To another, better world!

Kanab, Utah

Will Dobson



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PRESIDENT WILSON IS GREETED IN BOSTON

From left to right: Governor Collidge of Mass., President Wilson and Mayor Peters of Boston, in front of the Mechanics Hall Building in Boston, where the President addressed a huge throng upon his return to this country, after his first great European trip. Eight thousand Americans received full details from him of the League of Nations.

Continuation School Law of Utah

By I. B. Ball, of the State Division of Vocational Education

The Utah State Legislature, of 1919, enacted the most advanced program for extending public school education that is to be found in any state of the Union. One of these forward looking laws provides for a state supervisor of health education to assist cities and districts to set up and to successfully execute modern systems for correcting physical defects among children, for preventing contagion, and for establishing normal health habits in youth; another law empowers boards of education to extend supervision over the summer months as well as over the school season, thereby reinforcing the efforts of parents to guard their children against smoking, late hour carousals, unchaperoned excursions, and other evil habits, during the vacation days which are so full of delight but, alas, of subtle dangers; and finally, a third law requires that all children up to age 18 shall either be at work or at school, and, if at work, shall attend a part-time class, at least 144 hours annually.

This program of public school education has received high praise throughout the nation. Dr. James P. Monroe, vice-president of the Federal Board of Vocational Education, visited Utah in November, 1918, when the educational law was being formulated. At a meeting of representative business men and educators he said, "The avocation of being healthy and the vocation of being able to earn the best according to our gifts, is the great education that the nation must have for civic and industrial salvation. The Utah program is wonderful. It is a program which the Federal Board look forward to for the nation, and almost it is the same plan about to be announced by President Wilson. Utah has a better start than most of the states."

Prof. J. D. Elliff, Director of Vocational Education in Missouri, wrote to Dr. Gowans enthusiastically, saying, "Your program is the very best thing of the kind that I have seen."

The plan for extending public school education in Utah is noteworthy also because it fulfils in almost all details the proposals of a report just issued by the Commission on the Reorganization of Secondary Education, published by the U. S. Bureau of Education. The Commission "would focus secondary education upon what may be called the social objectives,

such as health, citizenship, vocation, worthy use of leisure, and ethical character." The report of this commission was not known here when Utah educators drew up their proposals which have now been placed upon the statute books. And still in a circular letter mailed broadcast from the office of the Utah State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in December, 1918, this statement is made: "In addition to the present requirements for graduation, a high school student should furnish a statement to the principal indicating normal health habits (considering physical facts), average ability in vocational activities, and substantial moral and civic activities."

Legislation for vocational education in the public schools of Utah had its beginning, in 1917, when the state accepted the provisions of the federal law for vocational education, namely, the Smith-Hughes act. But the state at that time did not appropriate funds to match the federal funds, except for the purpose of training teachers for the work. The 1919 laws provide \$50,000 annually to distribute to cities and districts which meet the state and federal requirements, and it also makes it mandatory that part-time classes shall be established by boards of education unless the local boards are excused by the state board for reasons it deems valid.

Utah's compulsory laws have heretofore required school attendance until age 16, unless the child earlier completed the eighth grade. The new enactment leaves this regulation intact, but goes further, and sets, as a minimum, attendance at a continuation part-time class 144 hours a year up to age 18. The exemptions allowed are for graduates of high schools, for those taught at home, for those mentally or physically handicapped, and for children living over 2½ miles from a part-time school and where transportation is not provided. It is made a misdemeanor for any parent to fail to comply with the act and for employers to refuse to permit any child they employ to attend a part-time school or class 144 hours a year whenever such classes are organized in the district where the child resides or works. Moreover, the employer of any minor under eighteen years of age is required to keep on file the age and schooling certificates issued by the superintendent of schools and to notify the board of education of the district within five days after the beginning of employment and to return the certificate to the superintendent of schools within five days of the termination of service of any minor.

The type of education to be offered in these part-time classes is to be determined by the needs of the children and by the facilities of the schools. It is not restricted to vocational training. The law reads, "A part-time school or class established in accordance with the terms of this act shall provide

an education to the children who have entered employment which shall be either supplemental to the work in which they are engaged, continue their general education, or promote their "civic and vocational intelligence." These classes "shall be in session not less than four hours a week between the hours of 8 a. m. and 6 p. m." The continuation school is growing in favor slowly, but steadily, in the world.

Not more than nine states of the Union have compulsory, part-time laws for children up to age eighteen, and none are more far-reaching than Utah's. Wisconsin enacted a continuation school law for cities in 1911. It is interesting in passing to note that although the age limit then was only 16, Mr. Cooley, the director, reports that, in 1911, 5,000 children who had left school permanently, were brought back into these part-time classes in the city of Milwaukee alone. The age limit has since been raised to age 18. The British Parliament has recently enacted a very strong continuation school law. The age limit is fixed at 18, and the number of hours of schooling required is 288 annually. Employers are required to allow their employees to attend the classes and to include these hours as part of the working time. France has proposed even more stringent laws, extending the age limit for boys to age 20, and requiring 320 hours annually in the schools. Utah, therefore, appears to be in line with the best thought of the enlightened nations in her program for education.

There can be no doubt but that a crying need exists for continuation schools. More than half of the boys and girls from fourteen to eighteen are permanently out of school in Utah. While the conditions in the nation at large are far worse than this, still the figures are alarming. All the money expended for public and private high schools is showered upon the less than half who are able and who desire to pursue the type of study offered in the present curriculum. The "more than half" have received no systematic consideration. And still, in this latter group are the sons of widows and of other parents who, for various valid reasons, are dependent upon the earnings of the youths. In this group also are the boys and girls who lose interest in formal studies because their talents and aspirations lie in the field of industry and of business. The records of the correspondence schools show that very large sums of money are paid by these young people annually in an endeavor to get the education which our present types of secondary schools deny them.

I recall a widow's son, about 17 years of age, who recently paid \$70 for such a course which he puzzles out alone in the night hours after the days' arduous labors in an electrical shop. How many more boys are struggling along in the same manner

I know not, but the Utah school census shows that 10,877 children between 14 and 18 years of age are not in any public or private school.

I do not understand why this boy should have to pay \$70 tuition and to study without a teacher when he wishes to study electricity, while another boy, better-off, who wishes to study history or Latin, and can afford to attend a full-day high school, pays nothing for his course, and has an expert teacher provided for him. Simple justice demands that both boys be treated with equal fairness. The part-time laws aim to play fair.

Salt Lake City census of 1918 shows 5,167 young people between 14 and 18 years of age who are not in any school, even a three months business college.

Assistant Superintendent Geo. N. Child, of Salt Lake City, conducted an industrial survey of 1,583 of this group; 228 were delivery boys, 218 clerks and wrappers, while 192 worked in factories, and 172 were mechanical or day laborers, and 156 were in offices. Fifty were messengers. Of the entire number of over fifteen hundred only thirty-two reported themselves as apprentices in any trade. It is evident, therefore, that almost all those at work are in blind alley jobs. And it is also evident that up to the present no effort has been made to guide these adolescents for individual and for social efficiency. The part-time standards and provisions are intended to rectify the sad neglect of the past. Utah, as usual, is among the vanguard of progress in education.

Salt Lake City, Utah



The Camp Fire
Photo by Leland B. Anderson

Irrigation and Education

By Professor O. W. Israelsen, of the Utah Agricultural College

IV. Perseverance

That ultimate success in irrigation and in education is inherently dependent on Priority, Purpose, and Place has been called to attention heretofore. But these things do not insure success unless they are accompanied by Perseverance, the fourth of the five P's.

Many failures in irrigation farming have resulted directly from lack of Perseverance. The pioneer farmer of the Middle West long ago became accustomed to plowing his virgin land early in the spring, sowing his fertile grain and reaping a harvest in only one hundred days from when the soil and plow first met. Not so in the Arid West where large diversion dams must be built; canals having many laterals must be constructed; and rough surfaces must be smoothed to make the dormant lands productive. These things cannot be done in a day, a month, or a year, but many years of unceasing toil are required.

Late in the eighties and early in the nineties of the last century, this country experienced an epoch in irrigation development long to be remembered. The period is commonly known as that of "commercial canal building." Investors of the country were led to believe that phenomenal development of the West would very quickly follow the construction of large irrigation works; that in but a few weeks or months after water was made available for irrigation, a sudden transformation of the desert would follow. Many were disappointed. It was found that years came and went and but a small percentage of the lands under the irrigation projects were actually farmed. In many cases after a quarter of a century there yet remained fully one-half of the land undeveloped. Project Perseverance was found to be an absolute essential.

Likewise the individual farms demand Perseverance. Best results come only after years of effort. Each tract of land must be graded and smoothed; the soil allowed to settle in the loose places, and again graded and smoothed. Success comes ultimately to him who never despairs.

It is similar in the seeking of an education. The fertile seed of persistent inquiry may quickly germinate, and insure an

early harvest when sown in a "humid" mind, but frequently minds of exceptional capacity seem to be affected with a deep seated "aridity." To make such minds fertile, powerful diversion policies must be developed; new channels of activity, having many branches, must be constructed; and rough places smoothed. Nor can these things be accomplished in a day, a month or a year, but years and years are required.

It is not difficult to believe that the world is just emerging from a period of commercial life building. Have not inventors and financiers been led to overestimate the transformation which would follow the rise of industrialism? Have not the years come and gone with but a small percentage of mankind stimulated to a fuller maturity, a genuine educational growth? After a generation of opportunity under the advantages of a splendid industrial Progress, fully one half of our national life projects seem to have failed to reach this goal. National survival is dependent on democracy, and the perpetuation of democracy rests on national Perseverance in the dissemination of knowledge—in properly educating those who are to govern themselves.

Individual acquirement of the necessary educational growth likewise depends on individual Perseverance. Permanent Progress comes only as a result of years of consistent endeavor. Every man must eliminate the rugged elements; apply the tests of experience and temptation; and prune off the rough places. Ultimate advancement comes only to him who is eternally vigilant—who develops Perseverance within himself.

That unlimited Progress awaits the person who successfully meets the demands of the age concerning Priority, Purpose, Place and Perseverance will be pointed out in the next number of the *Era*.

Logan, Utah

President Joseph F. Smith

A man whom we could not but love,	A soul that ran, but did not flee;
As brother, father, friend;	Commanded, yet obeyed;
A rock of strength, a fire aglow;	Bowed not to wrong, yet on his knee
A power to make and mend.	For erring ones he prayed.

A guide who never once forgot
 The way to faith and cheer;
 He nobly wore, without a spot,
 The mantle of a seer.

George H. Brimhall.

Hunting the Wild Boar

By Dr. John F. Sharp, *Lieut-Colonel, and Regimental Surgeon,*
318th Engineers, A. E. F.

This little story is a truthful narrative of the ups and downs of a Utah tenderfoot hunting Europe's greatest big game, the Wild Boar. It is called in French *Le Sanglier* (song-le-a). It was rather hard for me to remember the French name at first, but after hearing it pronounced on so many different occasions and in so many stages of excitement, it has become a word never to be forgotten. The disappointments related herein were suffered so keenly and for such a long period of time, that the reader's indulgence is asked for the enthusiasm expressed when the tide turned; and remember that nothing is attempted except to give honest-to-goodness facts. Now for the story:

Shortly after the signing of the armistice, when the First American Army was just resting, I came down the stairs from the attic of my host's chateau, where I was quartered, and found a little bunch of men gathered to go boar hunting. From the looks of that little gathering and their apparent eagerness for the chase it suddenly became evident to me that it must be quite a sport. Back somewhere in my memory, my childhood's picture flashed. Remembrances came that it was a sport of kings and of great kills made by "his royal nibs" at different times. The picture continued that the game belonged to an estate all fenced in, of a game keeper who kept poachers off, and that when the aforesaid royal bird could be persuaded to leave his ermine perch, that he would be escorted to a post where someone would load his guns, and the flock of hogs would be driven by him, while he shot until he was tired, then pose for a picture with the kill and finally be escorted home. You can imagine my surprise, then, to see this collection of men, mostly old bewiskered ones, each with a double barreled 12-gauge shotgun of fine workmanship, collecting in the courtyard, all talking at once and greeting each other so warmly and giving each other a little left handed squeeze, which is customary here among the best of friends. They were happy and expectant. Those old 12-gauge shotguns sure looked good to me, and as back home somewhere I had cached away a century run trophy from the Hercules Powder people for breaking more than a hundred clay pigeons straight, I wanted to hug the stock of one, and then of course thinking of a pig to shoot at—well, it just couldn't be missed!

It did not take long to request permission to go with them and as my host appeared to be the director of the hunt he soon

procured for me a gun, a beautiful 12-gauge hammerless and gave me four shells, two marked with a-g on the wad and two with a-12. He told me the shell with the 12 went in the right barrel and the one with the g in the left, and that there were twelve buckshot in one and nine in the other, the left barrel holding a little larger size for the second shot. He carefully explained how to use the gun and with many a "Oui! Oui!" as if I had never seen a gun before, he picked out a lanky hunter and said, "Go wis him." One more "Oui!" and off we started. That fellow was some walker. He smoked a pipe constantly, and as we neared the forest, where the hunt was to be held, I endeavored to find out a little more about this animal. He knew no English at all, so that with my little French and signs there was much difficulty found in getting what information I desired. Not wishing to pull a bone on my first hunt I desired to know if one just killed the old boars and let the sows and little ones go. He told me to shoot at any of them. This was about all the information gleaned up to the time we reached the forest, although the conversation had waxed warm, when suddenly he stopped short and looked at the ground. It was covered with grass and leaves at this point. He walked back a few steps and looked down and I peered down and looked for tracks, but couldn't see any. He was getting quite excited by now and thinking that perhaps he could see tracks where I was unable to, I must confess that I almost loaded the gun to prepare for an emergency, when he pounced on something and it was the bowl of his pipe that had fallen off as he walked!

As we reached the forest he had me load the gun and it naturally found its way to the crook of my left elbow as it always did in the field. We met some other hunters presently and one of them told me that the gun should not be carried that way, but by the strap over the left shoulder so that if it went "poom" it would shoot up in the air. This was my first lesson in the technique of the hunt. The strap is attached on the lower side of the gun from a little below midway on the stock to about twelve inches off the end of the barrel. The gun is carried by the strap until a post is taken, when it is removed and pointed into the forest. It becomes a fine item in the measure of safety to be carried in this manner. The forest is blocked off in parcels containing ten to twenty acres, with fine roadways or paths, sometimes fifty feet wide, running at right angles to each other. They appear to have been cut for the hunters. The shooters are placed on these paths on three sides of a block at intervals of one to two hundred yards, and the beaters and dogs are sent into the fourth. The shooter does not stand in the middle of this pathway, but right up against the block of forest that the beaters are working out. This is so that when a boar is

jumped and breaks for other parts that he will pass the line of shooters before one of them can possibly shoot, and a shot cannot be fired until he has passed behind the line. One more item in the element of safety. These two points I learned during the morning, first, to carry the gun by the strap; and, second, to crowd up against the piece of forest that the boar was expected to come from.

It was time for lunch. We repaired to my host's hunting lodge where the lunches had been left with the lodge keeper's wife that morning. The lodge keeper was a soldier and was with the French army. Each one had brought his lunch separately and she prepared them accordingly. One had beans, another a chop, and all had rotten cheese and a big bottle of wine. My lunch consisted of a beefsteak sandwich and a canteen full of chlorinated water. If I had taken as much wine as any of them did I would have seen great flocks of boar that afternoon, so chlorinated water was my limit. The meal lasted an hour and a half and during it, they all talked at once and seemed to understand all that was said. After studying the map of the forest with its paths, which hung in the room, the hunt was resumed.

It was quite interesting to note in the wife of the lodge-keeper, living alone in the heart of the forest, with her little four-year-old girl, with no visible means of transportation, that national characteristic of the French women, a reverence for a beautiful dress and a pair of shoes. When the lunches were given her in the morning she had on a house dress, with her hair done up in curl papers, and clattered around in wooden shoes which all peasant folk wear, when they step out of doors. She looked then just as any other peasant young woman does, but when she served the meal her dress was beautiful, her hair was done up in fine taste, and her shoes were handsome. She walked with much grace and the change in her was astounding. No women care for their clothes as these do, and there is no wonder that they lead the world in fashions. When dressed in their finery they almost appear a step higher in education and refinement than the men.

Old Lanky fathered me all day, and the first post he put me on that afternoon was a rather well-used highway. We had not been set very long when I saw two small boar dart across the road between us, quite near him, and as he shot I turned my back, as I didn't want to get hit by a buckshot without at least offering my back. They clattered in the trees around me and just then I caught sight of a boar on the dead "lope," running in the forest parallel to the road just about thirty yards in. I was all ready and followed it oh! so nicely and—"bluey!" and Mr.

Hog went on. I just couldn't believe it, and hurried down to where he was, and followed his tracks for a little ways, but after the shot the jumps were a little farther apart than before. By this time other shooters hurried to see what the commotion was, and had me go all over where I stood and where the boar was, and would you believe it? one of them found the whole load, twelve buckshots, in a tree almost a foot across that was between us when the shot was fired. My chance was gone and way down in my bones I felt that there must be some mistake about that Hercules century trophy. The Frenchmen laughed and laughed, and my sadness deepened. Of course, there were two barrels on that gun, but what with my surprise at missing him and the working of an old habit of pulling on the same trigger for the second shot, he was so far away that it was useless. My own beautiful Queen Bess that I had shot so long was a single trigger Smith, and I kept pulling on the same trigger to fire the second barrel as I did with her. Several things were learned that afternoon, one was the galling fact that I could miss a pig running broadside to me with a shot gun thirty yards away, and the other was that all dogs are boar dogs; we had five fox terriers, a water spaniel and a hound of some kind. The dogs hadn't jumped these boar, they were just clearing out before they found them. My brother officers teased me a good deal about that miss, which was borne patiently, but when Captain Jansen, whose men were a little shy of wood for their billets, asked my host the next time we went, if he might send a truck along after me to bring back the trees I shot down, it almost hurt.

The next hunt was staged on a miserable day, for it drizzled all the time. On about one-fourth stand a bunch was jumped. The beaters go through the forest shouting something like "oola" and hit a tree with a stick and just generally make a noise. As a bunch is jumped they yell, "oof, oof," and all of the dogs give tongue and a terrible racket starts. On this stand this happened. My pal was running up the road and peering into the forest when all of a sudden a boar burst through the forest about ten feet from him and he shot twice and didn't even slow it up. It was certainly traveling and appeared to bounce across the road like a deer does. It didn't seem possible to miss that one. In about two seconds a commotion started out of the forest towards me, and I was all keyed up expecting one to burst out near me, but it didn't. Just at this point some one shot a gun in the forest rather near me and I jumped higher than ever before in my life. The excitement of Frenchmen, and dogs, and boar, is rather a hard combination to keep calm in. The commotion gradually ceased, and when I reached old Lanky his face was white and drawn. I expressed much sympathy, but all he

could murmur was *tres difficile*. It didn't look difficult because there were no trees in the way. Someone with the beaters said he had wounded one, and the rest of the day was spent arguing and following the trail, but without success.

About this time our train had to leave this little town in which we were billeted and make a new home in one about twenty miles north. As I was one of the gang now and a left handed squeezer the invitation to join them in a hunt at any time was most cordial.

My next opportunity came about the first of December. I was most happy for the chance, for I wanted to square myself for the poor shot that was made into the tree. It was cold and clear in the morning, but by noon it had started to rain, and as I had no slicker, I was soon cold and wet. Things didn't seem to go right that morning and soon my host and my old pard Lanky engaged in an argument that was awful. The rest began to leave them soon and sneak away, and it almost looked as if the tension would be relieved if they would step off a few paces and begin to shoot at each other. It quickly blew over, however, and was just a difference of opinion as to where we should hunt. We then took a long walk and came to a part of the forest that looked a little swampy. There was much boar sign here, many tracks and "wallers." They seemed to be able to read the sign quite well. During the day I learned that one has to use both eyes and ears to detect just where the boar might burst from the forest. On the last stand that day about four o'clock I was placed on a post with a great dry ditch in front of me. On the other side of the ditch was a little pathway running parallel to it and quite well trodden. Of course, I thought that boar wouldn't like to cross that big ditch, and used the pathway, which was just a forest trail. I was all humped up and half frozen, and could hear the beaters and dogs, about a third of a mile away, coming towards us. After noticing the gun to see if it was all ready, I was just thinking that a man's ears were no use to him with the rain pattering on the leaves as it was then, when I caught sight of an enormous boar trotting right at me. My old shotgun teacher, Cal Callison, who was the greatest field shot I ever saw, used to have an expression when he hit anything hard that he "plastered" it, and I can remember thinking about that boar, "Well, old fellow, I'll plaster you just behind the shoulder right now." Of course this olive drab of Uncle Sam's and this rain-in-the-face cap blends into any old color at no great distance and I am certain he had not spotted me as he trotted out all alert to escape that danger that he could hear coming. It is also certain that he didn't see the gyrations of my brain cells as they framed the thought to hit him fairly, but it is absolutely certain that he saw me the instant the thought was put in motion.

As the gun came to my shoulder, he went with one enormous jump off to the left in a thicket, a confused black mass going in several directions at once, a poorly aimed shot, a black ball clearing my ditch with feet to spare, and he was gone. He was a real old king, and as he trotted out between two big trees he was the most kingly picture of wild life that one could ever see. My chance for a prize was lost in a twinkling. Thoughts followed each other in rapid succession, and after witnessing the marvelous animation he had shown in that "getaway," the boar now had taken first place among the big game that I have known. As the other shooters came around and examined his tracks their murmurings of *tres difficile* brought little comfort. It was a cold old ride home, for as a move was imminent it was to be my last hunt with them. After a change of clothes with a canary bath in between, for a bath tub in France is either a lost art or a never found one, I sought consolation before the little woodfire from my room-mates, Capt. Jansen and Capt. Smiley. Always looking for sympathy about the big one that got away, is describing that first jump, I told them that it was fifteen feet, but caught a twinkle in Captain Jansen's eye in time to say, "After all, fellows, what is ten feet among friends!" Just between us, though, it was an awful big jump. There is just one other animal that can fade into a landscape like that, and that is a bear that is thoroughly frightened, but it isn't in a boar's class. I mourned about that miss for a long while, and often woke up with a groan as I half dreamed about it and censured myself severely for not realizing that the boar lived up to its name and was at least "wild." I had to leave this section of France at this time, and I did so, rankled way down deep in my chest that I was beaten fair and square at a game with a shot gun at which I felt that I had some claim, being a good player.

After suffering one of the fortunes of war in getting a re-assignment, at which time one parts from all of his friends and goes entirely among strangers, I found myself with another division in a little hamlet in Central France, where we prepared to winter. As soon as the opportunity presented itself, I prowled around the forests, looking for boar sign and with much delight found some in the fields. While it was old it offered a hope. It did not take long to find that they were hunted some here. The village hunters were two old Frenchmen, one sixty-seven years old, who led a yellow hound he called "Ramonot," and another old gentleman who led a white dog called "Taillot." In this town they all used 16-gauge shotguns with hammers and they were of an ancient make. The one I had the first day had but one hammer, but as we saw nothing but an old track it was as good as a machine gun. I warmed up to those two old gentlemen because they were so enthusiastic and tireless. They took me

again a few afternoons later and kept me at a post all afternoon long. In this piece of forest the dogs behaved badly and barked and fussed around the whole time. The younger man of the two had a shot he said at a large boar that the dogs were frightened of and wouldn't chase, but thought he did no damage to it as it was quite a distance away in the thick forest. They took me down the road a little ways and showed me where he had been digging in a bank for roots. It was an enormous hole, and the boar had a large track. They said he was still in there, but that it was too dark to hunt further. About this time it started to snow and we had our first real winter weather. It snowed about four inches and turned bitter cold. This appeared a help to me and when I could slip away for an hour in the mornings I would nose around for tracks myself. There were many fox tracks and I saw several foxes in the fields, listening for field mice under the snow, to pounce on them when they heard one. I saw one boar track, but he had left the country. We went out with the dogs one afternoon and at first the usual thing happened. These two old fellows would miss each other's direction and we would get lost in small groups. They each had a hunting horn hung over the left shoulder and under the right arm, that they would blow on every little while. I never did understand the signals even after they were explained. When one would get out of hearing of the other he would blow and blow and then make gestures of disgust if there was no response and prepare for the inevitable argument that came when they met. It was most exasperating. These arguments were staged at any stage of the hunt, and they would stop still and face each other in the road while they raved. When they cooled down the hunt was resumed. After getting together late that afternoon, the old gentleman with the yellow hound started through a piece of forest for us while we stood on the road. I had hunted with them so faithfully for so long that I had quite a modern gun with both hammers. They had a shell to go in the right barrel with one slug in it that was so large that it bulged the shell, and it took quite a push to get it in the chamber. The left barrel had a shell with nine buckshot. That seemed odd, but they explained that the first shot one might get with the boar standing, but the second one never. That sounded reasonable, so I had it loaded that way. The yellow hound started one, and was coming out of the forest about 200 yards up the road from me, and I ran as best I could to head it off. They turned before they reached me, and went deep into the forest until he could hardly be heard, and then turned back and came for the road again, at another place. Another sprint, but still one did not burst through, and they turned again. I had started back down the road when a little ways in the forest a twig snapped. I stopped dead still and put the gun

to my shoulder and waited. Soon my eye caught the outlines of three small boar darting here and there and listening and grunting quietly to each other. One would run a few steps and the others would follow, but never a move from me. They came a little closer, but still no move from me. I was just waiting for one to step in front of the gun. Pretty soon one stopped and listened, and while the brush was so thick, that I could but dimly see it, still I had much confidence in that slug, so after moving the gun slowly until I covered it, I shot. From the feel of that gun, the slug had some difficulty in finding its way out of the barrel. It was an awful kick. I just had to shoot then, for this statue business while a boar maneuvers to get in front of the gun, is no joke, when you realize that the slightest move or noise on your part means a lost boar. When the smoke cleared away, for the shell was loaded with black powder, I looked into the forest where they were, but saw nothing except the ever present tree, this time one about an inch in diameter shot clear off. Hopes sank, for it looked like trees were my hoodoo. As snow was still on the ground, I fought my way through the brush to where they were standing, to see if they had jumped that fifteen feet, and right away found blood, which I followed in great haste scratching my face and hands a plenty, and in about one hundred yards found him dead. The slug had hit him just behind the shoulder, and I surely felt proud to think I had at last killed one, even if it was a little one. Soon the two old Frenchies came up and hugged me and blew their horns and almost had a war dance. With much elation, we brought it into the village, and I spent a busy evening telling just how it was done. My enthusiasm ran high for I was squaring an old score and even the taunt of my room-mate, who hails from South Carolina, when he said, "where do you reckon that slug would have hit if it hadn't hit the tree first?" failed to dampen my spirits. The mayor got the pig, it weighed about 60 lbs., and he scattered it round. I was glad for them, for they have very little meat except an occasional rabbit which every family keeps for winter use. The natives all shook hands with me as we came back and the mayor's family invited all of the hunters to be at *gruotte* dinner the next evening at six o'clock. The next day about noon one of my old pals came into my room and fumbled with his hat and said that the big one he shot at a few days before was still in that forest and that we would leave in about 15 minutes. After a hurried bite, we started off. We had no difficulty getting shooters to go this time. I still retained the gun with the one slug combination. The two old natives arranged us on the road and then went clear around the forest to start in the other side and come towards us with the dogs. They started an argument over there about a third of a mile away, about which way to go, that was a wonder,

and before they decided what to do that boar started to leave. I was well hidden behind a bush and my eye just caught a glimpse of him as he trotted out listening to that argument, and for once I was glad to hear one. The statue business with me started again. He would trot a step or two, and listen, and was certainly a picture of alertness. Knowing by now, that the slightest move on my part was fatal to a shot, I was using every effort to look like a tree. My heart beats were awful, and it seemed like he must see them. It looked like he never would come in a clear enough place to risk a shot. Major about two hundred yards up the road was watching me pose, and told me afterwards that he thought my reason had departed. The boar came near the end of the gun, after a while, and its head and neck showed pretty well, so, after moving the gun slowly for just a little ways to cover his neck, started the slug. There was no need to wait for the smoke to clear away this time to see what had happened, for I could hear him thrashing around and knew that he was mortally wounded. It was a little difficult to breathe right then, and an odd pain persisted across my abdomen for a little while, and right here I hope that if I ever get another shot at a boar that I will not have to wait as long as that to decoy him into getting in a clear enough place to chance a shot. Just such a predicament as this is what constitutes the thrill of big game hunting. I have killed a moose, but he was one we bumped into and it was all over in a few seconds, but the thrill is the same. To call a moose and hear him coming must be the same as decoying a boar by looking like a tree.

It did not take long for the crowd to gather now, and those Frenchmen were beside themselves. The old fellow that told me about him came tumbling and running and half crying and all were most happy. They fixed a little half hitch around his tusks and snout, with two ropes, and we dragged him in over the snow and were very much elated. That head is getting mounted to be sent home so that I can prove all this, but if the fortunes of war fixes it so that it never gets there, I'll just have to say that it could all be proved if Bill Jones were still living.

Wild boar are extremely hardy animals. While all other game in France appears to be decreasing, they appear about the same. It is said that during a hard winter in France about twenty years ago that they disappeared and were not seen for two or three years and then reappeared. A mother has one litter a year, from four to eight, in the spring. She will build a little covering of leaves and twigs for them, for the first few days of their lives and stay close to them. An old boar usually stays near also and helps protect them for some time. They are brown with a few black stripes, when first born, but soon turn a dark grey. They can be caught very easily during the first few days

of life, but after they are ten days old it is almost impossible. They can be raised in captivity if caught very small, and will follow the one who feeds them almost like dogs. They never attain their greatest size in captivity, as all real wild animals do not do well in captivity. A mother with little ones is very destructive to grain and will lie on great quantities while the little ones eat the heads off. They are very fond of potatoes, and on very dark nights will come right into the door yard gardens and root them up. They have a large tough snout with a large flare. Their bristles are so long around their necks that they appear to have a mane and a hump like a moose. When being chased by dogs they don't swerve much from a straight course and they do look ferocious. Many a hunter on sight of his first one coming straight towards him has made for the nearest tree without disputing the right of way. The mother keeps her little ones together, all during the year, and they have a tendency to flock together always. Old boars usually travel alone. A boar reaches a weight of about 100 lbs., during his first year, 150 his second, and at about five years old he gets his greatest weight, about 250 lbs. They are taller and much more graceful than a tame pig. Their legs are black below their knee joints and very graceful. The feet are made up into candle sticks standing on the foot and they are very pretty. The boars develop large sharp tusks which are their weapons of defense, and a dog is forever shy of one when once gouged by a tusk. Man is his natural enemy, so he feeds only at night and hides in the day time. He will never tackle a man unless wounded, and then only when cornered. If wounded he attempts to get away and as these natives express it "he will go as long as he has any blood left," undoubtedly due to his ruggedness. He depends on his nose, eyes and ears to tell him of danger and they are all very keen. His speed is terrific, when once he gets under way. When started he appears to get in high gear from a standing start. The dogs never get close to a big one. They can usually be seen two hundred yards behind one yelping on the scent. When the dogs start a big one, they usually follow him all afternoon. They travel great distances when frightened. The open season on wild boar is from September 1, to March 31; when they are particularly bold and destructive the lessee of a particular district may declare an open season on them. They are so destructive that the government pays a bounty of 25 franks for little ones and 50 franks for big ones, so that in those I was fortunate enough to kill it was a comfort to know that the shells were at least well paid for, besides furnishing such fine meat to these natives and some of us. The meat is not fat as in a tame hog, but has a fine game taste. They live on grains and roots and nuts and should be good.

Were we in time for that dinner? We were. The dinner started at six in the evening and lasted until nine. The *gruotte* is a stew of the choice bits, or "inards," as they say in some parts of America. It consists of ears, tongue, lungs, heart, liver and kidneys, and is served as an entree and is wonderfully good. It almost choked me to eat a piece of lung, but after it was once in my mouth it tasted as good as any of it. The mayor had rustled a roast of beef for the main course. About this time much excitement was caused by some one saying that the mayor's man who dressed the big one found a buck shot in its south end. The one old Frenchman joshed the other for having such a weak gun and laughed and laughed at him. We all joined in the fun and he became perfectly dejected. I was particularly happy that night, because I had leveled off my black spot in boar hunting during that day, so I asked him if the boar might have gotten it stuck in his ham by sitting down on it. He replied in all seriousness that it was impossible for there was snow on the ground. The next course was one of roast pigeons cooked with their heads on. I really expected one of the mayor's daughters to scream, because they looked so gruesome. We told them after the first shock, that the heads were not cooked on poultry in America and they could hardly believe that we would let such choice portions go to waste. They looked at us with real compassion when we told them that America was going dry, for they drink wine with every meal that can be called meal at all. The ladies drink also, but almost always dilute their wine with water. The men always refuse to have their glasses refilled, but never push up on the bottle hard enough to make the one pouring stop before the glass is completely filled. A course of home made cheese came just before the pastry, which tasted all right, but if you happened to take a little sniff just as it reached your mouth, you almost wondered if it wasn't something that the cat brought in. The last course was the coffee and cigarettes. The French people are great cigarette smokers, but not much more so than Americans. This war has probably given an impetus to cigarette smoking also, but that does not alter the fact that the cigarette habit is just as harmful as it ever was. The mayor has three refined daughters, who prepared this fine meal. They all sat at one end of the table near the kitchen. When the cigarettes were passed the one supposed to have the most schooling smoked one, but the other two refused and it appeared like her refinement fell off her like a cloak. Oh! surely the ability to smoke a cigarette has no place in the make up of an ideal woman. After expressing our thanks for the wonderful evening, we departed, and will remember, for lo! these many moons, our introduction to the celebration dinner attending the killing of Europe's greatest big game, *Le Sanglier*.

Future Rewards

By Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve

A request has been made by a missionary that the following questions be answered in the *Improvement Era*:

1. "If a member of the Church should apostatize, or fall away, and should reject his covenants, to which degree of glory will he be relegated? Provided, of course, that he does not repent and re-enter the Church.

2. "Under the provisions in the revelations, is it possible for one who has accepted the testimony of Jesus in the flesh to ever inherit the terrestrial kingdom?

3. "Explain particularly the seventy-ninth verse of section 76 in the Doctrine and Covenants."

Answer 1. It is impossible to state the degree of reward or punishment which shall be measured out in each individual case of transgression or apostasy. All do not receive the same light and knowledge when they come into the Church, because some are more diligent and faithful than others in observing the commandments. Our Savior has given us an excellent illustration of this in the parable of the sower. Some men receive a thorough knowledge and testimony of the truth through faithful diligence and obedience to the gospel. The Spirit of the Lord rests upon them and they can truthfully say that they know that Jesus is the Christ and Redeemer of the world. Others do not receive such great light and testimony, because they are less diligent. They believe that Jesus is the Son of God, and accept the truth, but do not have a perfect understanding. It is possible also that some have come into the Church because the doctrines appeal to them as being logical and consistent, but they never exert themselves to get the Spirit of the Lord. Others have come into the Church because of ulterior motives, and such never do comprehend the light, and seldom remain, for disappointment is bound to come when their object is not attained, and they fall away again.

The Lord declares in one of the revelations: "To some it is given by the Holy Ghost to know that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that he was crucified for the sins of the world; to others it is given to believe on their words, that they also might have eternal life if they continue faithful." Doc. & Cov. 46: 13-14.

Almost without exception when a person leaves the Church, it is due to transgression. The Spirit of the Lord will not dwell

in unclean tabernacles, and when the Spirit is withdrawn darkness supercedes the light and apostasy will follow. This is one of the greatest evidences of the divinity of this latter-day work. In other organizations men may commit all manner of sin and still retain their membership, because they have no companionship with the Holy Ghost to lose; but in the Church when a man sins and continues without repentance, the Spirit is withdrawn, and when he is left to himself the adversary takes possession of his mind and he denies the faith. It is possible for a man who has received a perfect understanding of the truth and has walked in the light of the Holy Spirit to fall away through transgression. But when he turns away, he still knows that he once had the light. The Lord has said of such: "All those who know my power, and have been made partakers thereof, and suffered themselves, through the power of the devil, to be overcome, and to deny the truth and defy my power—they are they who are the sons of perdition, of whom I say that it had been better for them never to have been born" (Doc. & Cov. 76:31-32).

We should hardly expect the Lord to measure out the same punishment to the man who departs from the Church because of some supposed grievance or misunderstanding, when that man never did have a testimony of the gospel and was never led by the Spirit of Truth. Yet, such a man bars himself, unless he repents, from the celestial kingdom, according to the word of the Lord. He had his opportunity and rejected the gift that was presented to him, therefore the reward of the faithful shall not be his portion. "He who is not able to abide the law of a celestial kingdom, cannot abide a celestial glory; and he who cannot abide the law of a terrestrial kingdom, cannot abide a terrestrial glory; he who cannot abide the law of a telestial kingdom, cannot abide a telestial glory; therefore he is not meet for a kingdom of glory. Therefore he must abide a kingdom which is not a kingdom of glory." (Doc. & Cov. 88:22-24.) All things are governed by law, and whosoever is unable or unwilling to abide by the law of any one of these kingdoms, cannot be sanctified by the law governing therein, "neither by mercy, justice, nor judgment" (Doc. and Cov. 88:35).

The Lord will judge each individual case, and will assign transgressors to that degree to which each is entitled according to his works. If a man only merits a place in the telestial, that will be his reward; if it should be the terrestrial, then he shall be admitted to that kingdom. In order to enter the celestial, a man must be true and faithful to the end, observing all things which the Lord has commanded, otherwise he shall be assigned to some other kingdom, or to outer darkness if his sins so merit.

Let it be remembered, however, that the punishment of the apostate, no matter who he is or what degree of knowledge

he may have attained, shall be most severe. "Hearken and hear, O ye my people, saith the Lord and your God, ye whom I delight to bless with the greatest blessings, ye that hear me; and ye that hear me not will I curse, *that have professed my name*, with the heaviest of all cursings" (Doc. & Cov. 41:1).

It would be well to read in connection with this subject the following: Luke 12:9-10; II Peter 2:19-21; Hebrews 6:4-6; Mosiah 3:24-27; Alma 34:32-35.

Question 2. A man who has accepted the testimony of Jesus in the flesh may inherit any of the three kingdoms according to the degree of faithfulness he has shown in keeping the commandments of the Lord. If he keeps the full law, he shall be entitled to enter the celestial kingdom. If he is willing to abide by only a portion of the law, and rejects the covenants which govern in the celestial kingdom, notwithstanding he is honest, virtuous and truthful, he shall be assigned to the terrestrial kingdom where other honorable men shall be found. If he enters into the Church, but rejects the light, and lives a life of disobedience and corruption, he may be assigned to the telestial kingdom and obtain such blessings as he is *willing* to receive because he was not willing to enjoy that which he might have received. Doc. & Cov. 88:32. Read Sec. 88:14-40.

Those who enter the terrestrial kingdom are:

1. Those who died without law.
2. The spirits (souls) who were kept in prison because of their disobedience in the days of Noah, having rejected the testimony of Jesus in the flesh, but afterwards receiving it.
3. Honorable men who reject the gospel because they are blinded by tradition and the false teachings and craftiness of men.
4. Those who *receive* of the Savior's glory, but not of the fulness. That is, these become members of the Church but refuse to accept the fulness of the gospel and its ordinances.
5. Those who are not valiant in the testimony of Jesus.

Question 3. This verse reads as follows: "These are they who are not valiant in the testimony of Jesus; wherefore they obtain not the crown over the kingdom of our God." These enter into the terrestrial glory. Who are they? All who refuse to receive the fulness of the truth, or abide by the principles and ordinances of the everlasting gospel. They may have received a testimony; they may be able to testify that they *know* that Jesus is the Christ, but in their lives they have refused to accept ordinances which are essential to entrance into the celestial kingdom. They have refused to live the gospel, when they knew it to be true, or have been blinded by tradition, or for other cause have not been willing to walk in the light.

In this class we could properly place those who refuse to take upon them the name of Christ, even though they belong to the Church; and those who are not willing when called to

go forth and preach to a perverse world "Jesus Christ and him crucified." They may live clean lives; they may be honest, industrious, good citizens, and all that, but they are not willing to assume any portion of the labor which devolves upon members of the Church, in carrying on the great work of redemption of mankind. We have known members of the Church who have gone out in the world and have mingled with those not of our faith, and these members were ashamed to have it known that they were Latter-day Saints. Such persons certainly are not valiant in the testimony of Jesus. The Lord has said:

"Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels."

Over the Hills

Over the hills where the road leads,
 A joy is waiting for you—
 Waiting aglow where the sun shines
 Forth from the glimmering blue.
 You'll find it there in the evening,
 If you're not afraid of the climb;
 Just stick to the place where the road leads
 Over the hills of time.

Over the hills, with a steady tread;
 It's a long, long way to go;
 But a buoyant heart will take you there,
 While the tender zephyrs blow.
 And your truest wish is lingering
 Close by a sea of gold,
 To carry you on to the sun gates
 Across the fairy wold.

Yes, the grade is steep where the road leads
 Up many a slope of the hills;
 And dangers galore will besiege you,
 If you falter or grow afraid.
 Be strong, and staunch, and brave, lad;
 And the treasures of life are thine;
 And your journey will be a happy one
 Over the hills of time.

Garden City, Utah

Ezra J. Poulsen.

The Horrible Toad

By George H. Maughn, Instructor in Biology, Ricks Normal College

Of all the innocent, harmless creatures which render humanity a great service and receive in return the loathing and abuse of a mistaken world, the toad probably stands first.

The story of the life of this animal is very interesting. It gets its class name, amphibia, from the fact that it spends the first part of its life in water, breathing much as the fish do by means of gills. As it develops it gradually changes into an air-breathing animal, finally developing hind legs and later fore legs. At this stage the "pollywog" may be seen coming to the surface of the water opening its little round mouth and taking in by a series of little gasps a new supply of air. The toad leaves the water while still quite small, its tail being absorbed within a few days by the rest of the body.

From now on he becomes one of the best, but least loved friends of humanity. Little boys hate him, because he is so "stupid" and he often suffers inhuman treatment at their hands, even in spite of the boyish tradition, "that the cow will give bloody milk if they kill him." Boys, don't kill the toads. They may be slow to get out of the way, or you may pick one up instead of a potato, in the cellar, but they do not cause warts and they are as innocent of doing any harm to you as any creature could be.

They feed upon insects that are most destructive to crops, such as the cut worm and grasshopper, they catch thousands of flies that might be, within a few weeks, the ancestors of millions more of these troublesome filthy carriers of disease.

The "horrible toad" sitting in the sand near your doorstep may be standing guard over your home. He is snapping up those enemies that carry contagion and deposit germs upon the food you are eating.

The toad spends the winter wherever it overtakes him, by simply digging down in the sand or soil and there by the power his skin has of taking oxygen from the soil, air, and by a slight breathing, he sleeps until spring.

Frogs are near relatives of the toad, and have much the same economic value as the toad. Their powerful and graceful plunge into the pond as one approaches, as well as their merry soothing chorus of the night time make them the interesting and joy-bringing friends of many of us. Fishing for frogs was one of the great sports of my young boyhood. The thrill came in the fact that if it was done right, the frog would allow himself to be caught without a hook. After serving his time as a cow or a horse or some other animal, on a play farm, he was turned loose, perhaps to be a wiser frog.

Rexburg, Idaho.

His Return

By Claude T. Barnes

In a cool, sequestered nook of a certain Wasatch valley reposes a willow-fringed pond, which in May is of unsurpassed loveliness. Unfrequented by man, its lily-floating waters, densely foliated trees, and secluded banks, are a haven to many aquatic animals and birds as well as to several land species, who are attracted by its sweet retirement.

To him who is melancholy no solace is so sympathetic and diverting as communion alone with nature: some bird sings ever willingly and sweetly, some flower ever peeps its delightful head. No one knew the comfort of wood notes and embowered glens better than Frank Royce, for he had from early youth frequently sought the wilds.

The World War was to him an experience full of arduous trials, strange sights, lonesomeness and thrills. True he enjoyed the luxuriant freshness of the Argonne woods, until one day he was wounded by a shell the warning hiss of which permitted him barely to escape with his life.

Before his recovery the armistice was signed, and soon thereafter, though still weak, he was given passage for home. During the war he had worn a locket containing the portrait of an unmistakably beautiful girl; and he had a few times confided to his companions that Mary Rives was "the girl back home." Her letters, which had always been very sweet, with those of his mother, had been his chief delight and comfort.

He had been back home not over an hour, however, before Fred Riley informed him that Mary was engaged to marry Maurice Hoover, a splendid young man with whom he had once been on intimate terms. Piqued beyond expression at the news, he had thereupon spent but a day with his mother; and, disgusted with life in general and girls in particular, had sought the quietude of this charming pond, his sole excuse to his mother being that he wanted a rest of a day or so after his long journey.

As Frank erected his tent beside the spring that fed the pond, meadow larks filled the air with rapturous song; and from the distant fields issued the wild, irregular notes of several bobolinks; and then:

"There came,
Swift as a meteor's shining flame,
A kingfisher from out the brake,
And almost seemed to leave a wake
Of brilliant hues behind."

Even the toads, turned poets by the vernal warmth, were now trilling their love-songs in the puddles below the spring. Mourning doves cooed in the willows; valley quails whistled from the labyrinthine copses that fringed the trees; and a red-shafted flicker rasped his loud "if-if-if" from the trunk of a tall cottonwood.

After completing his camp, Frank idled an hour or more fishing indifferently in the pond and listening to the flutings of dozens of redwings. He pondered deeply over Mary and determined that he himself should show a total lack of interest in her before she could convey any disagreeable news.

During the ensuing night he was awakened by a long, quavering demoniacal laugh, which suggested a couple of screaming cougars. It was the most uncanny sound he had ever heard in the woods; and though unafraid he did lie awake listening intently for a closer approach of the weird noise. How any sane person could emit such fiendish laughter he could not comprehend; and if it were a crazy, midnight roamer he had the better reason to await the outcome with readiness. However, the half scream, half laugh, harrowed the still darkness but once more, though it left a mystery which Frank felt must be explained.

The following day, as he was basking on an improvised raft, he noticed, through a chink of the foliage, that a man was approaching. Bringing his field glasses to his eyes he quickly discerned the manly form and characteristic walk of Maurice Hoover.

He lounged back on the raft as if asleep, but a thousand thoughts were shooting through his mind as he attempted to decide on a plan of greeting. He had little time to ponder, however, as the smouldering campfire led Maurice straight to the spot.

"Hello, Frank," Maurice shouted eagerly as he reached the embankment.

"Hello, Maurice," answered Frank with noticeably less gusto, as he arose and poled his way slowly toward shore.

They shook hands with every appearance of cordiality on Frank's part, though with all of effusiveness with Maurice.

"Dear me, I'm glad to see you," said Maurice, as he sat on a log. "As soon as I heard you were back in town I called at your home, and your mother said you had come out here. What is the idea, anyhow? And every one is anxious to see you."

"Oh, I had a deucedly hard trip back, and I always liked this pond—I wanted to rest a bit, I suppose, and here I am," answered Frank slowly, as if weighing his words.

"How long do you expect to stay?"

"I don't know—perhaps a week. Some maniac was screaming and laughing around this pond last night, and I would like

to know who it was. Has anyone gone crazy in town?"

"Only me, I suppose," answered Maurice.

"Why you?"

"Well it's a little secret, you know."

"I think I can guess it," said Frank quietly, as he played in the water with a willow.

"Alright, try."

"You are going to get married," and Frank still looked into the water.

"You are right," said Maurice, "but how did you know?"

"Oh, one of the fellows told me."

"I didn't know it was out," replied Maurice. "In fact I didn't want you to know just yet, Frank."

"Why not me?" inquired Frank guardedly.

"That I can't tell you just now. Have you seen Mary yet?"

"No, I haven't," said Frank carelessly.

"Well, she can hardly wait to see you."

"Yes-s?" said Frank incredibly.

"Why, you act as if you don't want to see her?" said Maurice, frankly puzzled.

"I should like to see her, of course, but not particularly," replied Frank, a little puzzled himself.

"'Not particularly'—you mean that you and she have had trouble," quickly inquired Maurice, as if much surprised.

"That's a great question for you to ask, when you and she are going to get married."

At that Maurice rolled over with laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" shouted Frank, completely nonplussed.

"Why you, of course. Who the deuce ever told you I was going to marry Mary?"

"Fred Riley," said Frank.

"Well, well, well, this is good," said Maurice, "I'm going to marry Katherine—Katherine Burton, who lives at Walton. She has been visiting Mary, and I have taken her and Mary to

Oh this is good," and he roared with laughter.

"Well why did you say that you didn't want me to know yet, then?" said Frank, very much embarrassed.

"If I must tell you the secret, I must. Mary figured that perhaps when you got back, that—well we just figured on a double wedding, and now you've spoiled it all by your crazy insistence."

Just then a weird, demoniacal laugh came from the other end of the pond.

"What on earth is that, Maurice," said Frank.

"It's a loon, Frank."

"I see—a loon, Say, Maurice, let's go home!"



Mother's Day

Blue skies and wild winds, sun, and scent, and May,
Robins nesting in the trees, bees among the clover;
Green vistas through the park and babies there at play.
Sabbath day and Mother's day all the Country over,
Quiet groups along the streets, hand-clasps and greeting;
Music from a distant band, a child's laughter gay—
But mother's face an April face, with eyes full of visions,
For the bonny lad who brought her flowers is far, far away.

Hardening in the training camps; ready for the trenches;
Sailing high above the clouds, or convoyed out to sea;
Struggling over battle fields of nameless sounds and stench,
Gas and smoke and blood and flame wherever he may be.
Dangers lurking in the dark of kinds we never dreamed of;
Wounded, starved in prison camps and sighing to be free;
Others' mothers crucified and children pierced and dying—
O the sights that pierce our boys' dear eyes are what we
mothers see!

Yes; pray for mother's fortitude, but pray for her *defenses*,
The Hope of her declining years that sails across the sea;
For when for him baptism of fire and shock of shell commences,
She walks with anxious, bleeding heart to her Gethsemane.
The trials of the passing years seemed nearly all behind her;
She looked for her reward, and lo! this great unmeasured
grief,
And yet she struggles on, and still the multitudes will find her
A patriot at prayer, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."

Sarah E. Hawley Pearson.

Ogden, Utah

The Contact

By Nephi Jensen

Frank had returned home from an eastern college a few days before. This clear, spring evening, he and his octogenarian father were standing upon an elevation overlooking the city at their feet. The brilliant rows of electric lights, streaking the town with their "white ways," was an inspiring view. As the two turned and walked towards the metropolis, the father broke the silence.

"That is a most beautiful sight."

The young impressionable student, just from the shrine of the Godless Science, did not see the aptness of the adjective "beautiful." He thought of another. His response carried a note of homage to his new found divinity.

"Yes," said he, "it is one of the splendid triumphs of modern science."

But he was not quite sure that his father, who had never been to college, saw the full meaning of the student's tribute to the achievements of modern man. So he elaborated.

"In the single field of electricity, alone, science has almost succeeded in satisfying every human want. It has made electricity bear our burdens, warm and light our homes, and carry our messages to the furthestmost ends of the world."

"Yes," said the father, "it is truly marvelous what man's ingenuity has accomplished with the spark Benjamin Franklin snatched from the clouds. But there are a great many of man's deepest needs electricity cannot supply. It can fuse into one two pieces of the hardest steel, but it cannot knit together two estranged hearts. It can pull our heaviest trains up the steep mountain summit, but it cannot break the chains of a single evil habit. It can brilliantly light our houses, but cannot send the faintest ray to the dark recesses of a despairing soul. It has brought the continents next door to each other, and yet the race is as far from God and the real heart of things as it was two thousand years ago. All the modern marvels about which men so justly wax eloquent are confined to the realms of the forces of nature. They only minister to man's physical comforts and needs. None of them touch or tame the wild, pulsating human spirit. The terrible trinity of evil, war, lust, and narcotics, still devastates, blights, and corrupts human society. What the world now most needs is a power that will give it the same mastery over the forces of evil that science has given it over the forces of nature. Only

close vital contact with God, the source of all moral power can give this victory."

This aged man's conclusions suggest the Grecian myth concerning the giant Anteus, whose strength was doubled every time he touched mother earth, and who was finally conquered by Hercules because he lost contact with the earth. The myth holds more than a grain of truth. Contact with the source of power is the only way to conquer. Break the wire that unites the buzzing machine in the mill, with the dynamo, in the distant canyon, and the machine instantly stops. Sever the connection between the electric lamp in your room and the source of the electric current, and your light goes out. Let man become estranged from God, and he immediately loses the spiritual life which alone gives mastery over the foes of the soul.

It was left for Joseph Smith to discover for modern man the way to come into vital touch with the living God. At the age of fourteen he became intensely concerned about his soul's salvation. He wanted to know which was the true church. The preachers could not satisfy his yearning for certainty on a matter so important. Their indefinite and conflicting speculations only bewildered his youthful mind. In the midst of his mental disquietude he read God's promise of wisdom to those who "ask in faith." With perfect confidence in the promise, he decided to put it to the test. He went into a nearby grove and prayed. His sincere prayer prevailed. God the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ, appeared to him; and the Son, after being introduced by the father, gave instructions to the boy.

That day, ninety-nine years ago, this boy made the greatest discovery of modern times. He discovered the power of faith, the only power that can give man the same mastery over the forces of evil that science has given man over the forces of nature. With the undoubting faith which this boy found and revealed to man, and by this alone, can man become "more than conqueror" in this world, cursed by "vaulting ambition," corrupting impurity, and corroding narcotics.

The story of this boy's triumphant faith is the most thrilling incident in modern annals. There is life, light and inspiration in it. It is the beacon of hope that lights the way across the dark chasm which ages of ignorance and superstition have placed between man and God. Tens of thousands of true-hearted men and women who have heard this story have gone in quest of the knowledge of God with a sincerity and fervor so genuine that they have received that witness of God's Spirit which has made them so certain of God's existence, the divinity of Christ's mission, and the reality of the future life, that the besetting evils of this world have lost all power over them.

A Church Up-to-Date

By Elder James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

"We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God."
(Articles of Faith.)

We live in an epoch of unusual activity, both of thought and deed, an age of unprecedented achievement in material things, an era of unbounded promise.

The fever of effort burns in the blood and brain of man. The discoveries and inventions of a year surpass the record of centuries bygone. So many, so momentous are the new developments of this day that we live in constant expectation of other and greater things. Incredulity as to the possible is out of fashion. Every fresh discovery or application to service is another find in the rich mines of truth, and continuous revelation is a feature of the age.

What would be thought of the astronomer who would dare affirm that man already knows all that may be learned of the heights and depths of space—that we may not, must not, expect or hope to learn of satellites, planets or suns heretofore unknown? What of the geologist who would say that the stony pages of the earth's crust have been fully read, and that no new record is to be found, no further truths to be made plain? What of the chemist who shuns the laboratory because, forsooth, he thinks that new discoveries are impossible, and the best he can do is to follow the lore of ancient books? Such men, for such declarations, would be deservedly scorned.

But note this terrifying exception, and the awful inconsistency of it all. It has been long taught that nothing new can come direct from the heavens to mankind, that Divine revelation belongs to the past! Dare we thus teach? In so doing are we not blasphemously assuming to seal the lips of the Eternal One, to ignore the hand of God as a factor in current events, and in our hearts dethrone the Supreme Ruler?

Is the civilized world rejecting real theism, which embraces faith in a living, loving, intelligent and omnipotent God, and reverting to pagan deism—that misty, malformed conception of a deity bound and trammled by man-prescribed limitations?

A church that lives not, grows not, develops not, in short

a church that is dead, has no attractions for me. I profess no allegiance to a creed that is always behind the times, now and forever finished and fossilized in its unalterable incompleteness. While I tolerate, I cannot accept the doctrine that offers no living water for the spirit athirst, that has no bread of life for the hungering soul.

My Church must be up-to-date, its religion vital and progressive. That Church must be in direct communication with headquarters—the source of unfailing wisdom. It must give me the latest news from day to day, word of the ever-unfolding purposes of God, information as to the events of time, assurances as to the possibilities and certainties of eternity.

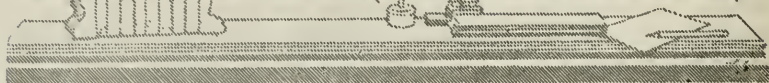
I accept the Holy Writ of ancient days for just what it purports to be. It is indispensable to the world's advancement. Without the Holy Bible and other Sacred Scriptures the human race would be in a deplorable state. But living prophecy, current-day revelation, are likewise essential. One, is the letter, the other the spirit that giveth life.

In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints alone do I find the satisfaction I have sought. Its professions and claims would be bold to the verge of blasphemy were they false; but I bear record unto all who read that they are true. In this, the Church of my choice, I witness a vigor and vitality that speak of eternal duration; herein I find an ever-growing record of revealed truth—new Scriptures that are their own justification, and which, while primarily of present application, serve to explain and glorify the Sacred Writ of other days. I discover no inconsistency, far less contradiction, between latter-day Scriptures and the inspired records of olden times. Their agreement is such as to declare a common authorship.

Is this up-to-date religion really new? Only in the sense of having been reestablished among men, with authority and power restored; new only as each recurring dawn is the birth of a new day, though the light of that day is the light of the same sun that shone before. Every day is both old and new, each the sum of the yesterdays that have gone, and the assuring promise of all the tomorrows yet unborn.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will ever be up-to-date; its activities will endure even when time shall be no more. It possesses this essential feature of perfection—the life principle that insures advancement. It lives and operates under the direction of The Christ, whose name it bears.

EDITORS TABLE



The Power of Song

Recently I had occasion to refer to a Latter-day Saints hymn book. I was at a ward meeting, and asked the leader of the choir for the book. It turned out that in that large choir, not a single copy could be found. There were the Psalmody, and other collections, but no hymn books. I discovered by the inquiry that seldom, if ever, was a hymn book used in that choir or that congregation, except as the selected hymns were found in the collections mentioned, and in which they are not always found in full. Ofttimes the final verses are far superior to the others in expressing the poet's thoughts, and without them, the inspiration of the poem is often lost. I regretted the absence of hymn books very much. I trust the condition is not general; but if so, that we shall have a reformation in this respect, and that all the choirs and congregations in Zion will be supplied with an abundance of hymn books, in order that our singers and worshipers may become thoroughly familiar with the spiritual songs of Zion and sing them under the inspiration of the Spirit of the Lord.

I firmly believe that the singing of the sacred hymns written by the servants and hand-maidens of God, has a powerful effect in converting people to the principles of the gospel, and in promoting peace and spiritual growth. Singing is a prayer to the Lord, for we are told, "My soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads."

I desire to relate just one incident showing how song has the power to soothe irritated feelings and bring harmony to the hearts of men who are filled with a contentious spirit.

The incident occurred some years ago, I have been told, and it was a quarrel between two old Nauvoo veterans. These men had been full of integrity and devotion to the work of the Lord. They had been through many of the hardships of Nauvoo, and had suffered the drivings and persecutions of the Saints, as well as the hardships of pioneering, incident to the early settlement of Salt Lake Valley. These men had quarreled over some business affairs, and finally concluded that they

would try and get President John Taylor to help them adjust their difficulties.

John Taylor was then the president of the Council of the Twelve Apostles. The veterans pledged their word of honor, that they would faithfully abide by whatever decision Brother Taylor might render. Like many others, even in these days, they were not willing to accept the conclusions of their teachers, or bishops, or presidents of stakes, who would have been the authorized persons, in their order, to consult, and which would have been the proper course to pursue, but they must have some higher authority. Having been personally acquainted with President Brigham Young, in the days of Nauvoo, and feeling their importance in their own devotion to the work of the Lord, nothing short, apparently, of an apostle's advice, would satisfy them.

They called on President Taylor, but did not immediately tell him what their trouble was, but explained that they had seriously quarreled and asked him if he would listen to their story and render his decision.

President Taylor willingly consented. He said, "Brethren, before I hear your case, I would like very much to sing one of the songs of Zion for you."

Those of my readers who were acquainted with President Taylor know that he was a very capable singer, and interpreted sweetly and with spirit, our sacred hymns. He then sang one of these to the two brethren. Seeing its effect, he remarked that he never heard one of the songs of Zion but that he wanted to listen to one more, and so asked that he might sing another. Of course, they consented. They both seemed to enjoy it; and, having sung the second song, he remarked that with their consent he would sing still another, which he did, as he had heard there is luck in odd numbers. Then in his jocular way, he remarked: "Now brethren, I do not want to wear you out, but if you will forgive me, and listen to one more hymn, I promise to stop singing, and will hear your case."

The story goes that when President Taylor had finished the fourth song, the brethren were melted to tears, got up and shook hands, asked President Taylor to excuse them for having called upon him, and for taking up his time, they then departed without his even knowing what their difficulties were.

President Taylor's singing from our standard hymn book, had reconciled the brethren. The Spirit of the Lord had entered their hearts, and the hills of difference that existed between them, and evidently appeared as big as mountains, had been leveled and become as nothing. Love and brotherhood had developed in their souls, and the trifles over which they had quarreled, had become valueless in their sight. The songs

of the heart had filled them with the spirit of reconciliation.

Let us not forget our hymn books when we go to the house of worship. Let the congregation sing; and by all means let the choir members become familiar with the beautiful sentiments that are contained in the hymn books, and so shall the soul of our Father in heaven delight in the songs of our hearts, which shall become prayers unto him, and which he will graciously answer with blessings upon our heads.

Heber J. Grant.

General Conference Notice

The postponed eighty-ninth annual General Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will convene in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, on Sunday, June 1, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m., with sessions also on Monday and Tuesday, June 2 and 3.

The general Church Priesthood meeting will be held in the Tabernacle Monday evening, June 2, at 7 o'clock; reunions should be arranged so as not to conflict with this meeting.

Heber J. Grant,

Anthon H. Lund,

Charles W. Penrose,

First Presidency.

Official Announcement

A book of 360 pages, entitled *The Vitality of 'Mormonism,'* written by Elder James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve, has just been published by The Gorham Press of Boston, Mass.

This work includes a series of articles relating to the teachings of the Church, hitherto published or now in course of publication, in many of the great newspapers of the country; and, as set forth on the title page, it consists of "Brief Essays on Distinctive Doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

The Gorham Press has published the book on its own initiative and volition, by permission of the author. Already numerous requests have been received from thoughtful readers, comprising both members of the Church and non-members, that these excellent articles be put out in book form; and the new publication meets this commendable demand.

We recommend *The Vitality of "Mormonism"* to the Latter-day Saints and others, both as a suitable text-book for classes,

and for home study and general reading. It may be obtained at any of the Church book stores.

*Heber J. Grant,
Anthon H. Lund,
Charles W. Penrose,
First Presidency.*

Salt Lake City, April 9, 1919.

ANNUAL M. I. A. AND PRIMARY CONFERENCE

The twenty-fourth General Annual Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, and the Seventeenth Annual Conference of the Primary Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in Salt Lake City, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 6, 7 and 8, 1919.

All members are invited, and all officers are particularly requested to be present at all of the meetings of the conference; and a cordial invitation is extended to the Saints generally to attend the meetings, to be held in the Tabernacle at 2 and 7 p. m., on Sunday, June 8.

<i>A. W. Ivins,</i>	<i>Martha H. Tingey,</i>
<i>B. H. Roberts,</i>	<i>Ruth M. Fox,</i>
<i>Richard R. Lyman,</i>	<i>Mae T. Nystrom,</i>
General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.	Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

*Louie B. Felt,
May Anderson,
Clara W. Beebe,*
Presidency Primary Association.

The 10 a. m. M. I. A. officers meeting, Friday, will be joint; 2 p. m. separate officers meeting. Reception to officers, Friday evening. Saturday, 10 a. m., joint officers, 2 p. m. separate. Final try-outs, public speaking Saturday evening. Sunday, 8:30 a. m., special joint officers meeting; 10 a. m., joint meeting of officers and members.

Books

The Gorham Press, Boston, Mass., has just put out a work entitled *The Vitality of "Mormonism,"* by Dr. James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve. The sub-title summarizes the contents as "Brief Essays on Distinctive Doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

It is interesting and significant to find a publishing house of the high standing of The Gorham Press undertaking on its own initiative and volition to bring out a work on "Mormon" teachings.

The book contains 104 essays, or brief chapters, these comprising the two series of articles published in the great newspapers of the country during the years of 1917 and 1918. The brief style of treatment and the terse diction, which have made the articles so attractive as separate writings, have been maintained in the compilation, though the separate articles have been classified, and several of them extended by the author. As to mechanical execution, the book is in every particular up-to-date as a sample of the latest and most popular style of bookmaking.

The publishers sought permission of the author to bring out these arti-

cles in book form in order to meet the steadily growing demand, which has been created through the publication of the separate writings; and, as their most prominent advertisement of the work, they employ the following extract of the author's Preface:

"The message of 'Mormonism' is of summoning interest in the world today. People of serious mind are not satisfied with the unsupported generalization that it is naught but the outgrowth of delusion and error.

"Fungi of fallacy, particularly in the field of modern religious systems, are of no such sturdy growth and wholesome fruitage as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has progressively manifested.

"'Mormonism,' mis-named though it be, stands for the principles of eternal truth as enunciated by our Lord Jesus Christ and by his duly commissioned Apostles and Prophets."

The book may be obtained from the publishers direct, or from any of the Church book stores.

Plans of Devices for Measuring Irrigation Water. The Utah Experiment Station has just published a circular giving plans and directions for the construction of various water-measuring devices on the farm. The devices recommended are the rectangular, trapezoidal, and triangular weirs, and submerged orifices. Prof. Israelsen, Irrigation Engineer for the Station, author of the publication, has explained the conditions under which each of these will work most satisfactorily. An important feature of the circular is the tables for computing the amount of water under various conditions. All the devices discussed in the circular have proven themselves thoroughly practical, are easily constructed and operated, and are relatively inexpensive, and mean much to the economical and scientific use of irrigation water. Free to farmers.

Insect Adventures is the title of the delightfully written book about insects, which is a translation from the writings of J. Henry Fabre, retold for young people by Louise Seymour Hasbrouck, and published by the World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York, 283 pages. The book is beautifully and appropriately illustrated, and is gotten out in a form which well befits the high quality of the text itself, the two forming a charming volume upon that subject. In one of the chapters is given a very interesting account of the early years of the author, who was a French school-teacher and scientist, whose peculiar gift for the observation and description of insect life, won for him the title of "The Insects Homer." The publishers say, that "nothing else in the world's literature can compare with the writings of this man, who combines the qualities of the most expert scientist with the literary ability that may be reckoned almost genius."

Messages from the Missions

New Chapel, Temperance, Church Publications

Cleop D. Wright encloses a photograph of elders laboring in the Mahia conference. They are, standing, from left to right: Raymond W. Hunsaker; Cleop D. Wright, clerk; Glen B. Cannon, Leon C. Higginbotham. Sitting: Ben E. Young; George R. Schofield, conference president; and Eugene C. Ridges. He writes from Hawkes Bay, N. Z., Feb. 1, 1919: "Elders Young

and Higginbotham are laboring among the Europeans of Gisborne where, on February 8, street meetings were begun. The people are friendly, and our progressive membership there are now bending their efforts to build a chapel. For the past thirty-four years 'Mormonism' has been proclaimed to Europeans and Maoris, especially the latter. It is believed that every Maori has had an opportunity of hearing the gospel. The majority of them admit the truthfulness of it, but lack stamina to follow its precepts. Horse-racing, gambling and 'drink' are all curses blasting the present generation's possibility of success. In April, a vote is to be taken upon the question of prohibition. Through the energetic and united efforts of all sects and creeds, let it be hoped, New Zealand will, like other nations, see the economic value derived from the 'temperance' of its individual units.

"The 'yearly conference' is to be held at Nuhoka of this district, where the 'little band of Maori saints' who returned from Zion have made their



home, and we are sure the Saints throughout the island will enjoy listening to their experiences among friends and Saints of Utah. Through the untiring labors of our mission president—Jas. N. Lambert—many problems with the government have been solved; conference records, reports, etc., have been greatly improved; chapels erected, and many decided improvements at the Maori College have been effected. Elder Louis G. Hoagland, for the last few months, has been unceasingly at work collecting genealogy so that when the Hawaiian Temple is opened all who are interested can take part in the Saints' greatest work, that for their dead. Last year the Book of Mormon was re-translated and published. Since last conference the Doctrine and Covenants and Pearl of Great Price have also been translated into the native language, and will be published in a short time. They, too, will be a wealth of knowledge to our native Saints, and ere long, through the efforts of elders as well as those of the local native missionaries, all will learn more of the divinity of Joseph Smith's mission. The *Improvement Era* is read with pleasure by many who do not and will not interest themselves in other Church works. It is also being read in libraries where people are seeing that the doctrines and ethics of 'Mormonism' are worth investigating."

The Priesthood the Great Power

Elder Ephraim K. Hanks, Indianapolis, Indiana, encloses this picture of the Indianapolis missionary force, Southern Indiana conference, Northern States mission, as follows: Standing, left to right, Gertrude Teeple, Carrie Hansen, Shelley, Idaho; sitting, Elder Ammon M. Newbold, Preston, Idaho; Elder Ephraim K. Hanks, Grover, Utah; President Vivian J. Frei, Santa Clara,



Utah; He adds, "The work of the Lord is progressing rapidly in this part of the mission, and many are investigating and wish to know wherein the great power of the Latter-day Saints lies. We testify that it is the power of God, through the priesthood. In the Indianapolis branch we have had wonderful results in proclaiming the gospel and also in getting our Saints in the line of their duties. The branch is in good condition, and we feel to praise the Lord for crowning our efforts with success. On the 23rd of March we had a conference, which was attended by President Ellsworth, who gave us some excellent instructions. Many gathered to hear the word of the Lord, and special attention was given to the instructive words of President Ellsworth, who proclaimed the gospel by and through the power of the Lord. We take great delight in reading the *Era*."

A Thriving M. I. A. in Holland

Alvin Teuscher, writing from Rotterdam, Holland, January 7, 1919, says: "Our M. I. A. in this part of the world is thriving. The members are doing much in distributing the truths of the gospel. On the Prophet Joseph's birthday, last, a special meeting was held, at which a number of the members, in well chosen words, gave an outline of the work and life of the

Prophet. Many friends were present. At the close of the meeting, an opportunity was given for debate, and there were some lively discussions, bringing out valuable truths. We have an enrollment of sixty members. All are putting forth their best efforts to make our association a success. In our class work, important religious subjects are being studied. The young ladies, besides, are extensively aiding the poor in sewing and giving them articles of clothing. The *Era* is a great help to us. It is always a welcome visitor. May it long flourish and be a welcome guest to the elders and the



M. I. A. workers in the mission field, as well as at home. The officers in the picture are: Left to right: Geraldina ten Hoover, second counselor; Jan J. Roothoff, first counselor; Cornelia L. Welter, president; Alvin J. Teuscher, president, Raymond, Idaho; Jan H. N. Van Santen, second counselor; Peter-nella A. van Campenhout, first counselor.

Died in the Field

Elder Alvin N. Smith, of El Paso, Texas, died at Scranton, Pennsylvania, December 25, 1918, of pneumonia. He was born October 29, 1896, and arrived in the mission field, January 18, 1918, laboring at the time of his death in the East Pennsylvania conference, where he had been a great influence for good among his associates and friends. He was a hard worker, of a kind and loving disposition, and won many friends. Elder E. Ray Lyman, president of the East Pennsylvania conference, in a note in *Liahona, the Elders' Journal*, says of him: "Whatever task was requested at his hand was performed with a zeal and energy that distinguished him among his associates. The entire mission extends heartfelt sympathy to his widowed mother and other loved ones at home, who are called to mourn his early death."



MUTUAL WORK

Suggestions to Y. M. M. I. A. Choristers

With the series of twenty-three songs for M. I. A. Junior and Senior boys, which have appeared in the Era, and are now printed under the title, *Y. M. M. I. A. Choruses*, it has been thought that the following suggestions by the composer would be helpful, and would serve to enable the choristers and musical members generally to make a wider use of these attractive and specially arranged pieces for boys and men's voices:

1. If desired, the songs for "Junior Boys" may be sung by boys whose voices are unchanged, without adding the bass for men or boys with changed voices, the organ or piano furnishing bass by playing all parts written.

2. They may be sung as "duets" with only two boys (with accompaniment) and even as solos, the singer singing the upper part.

3. Girls may sing them also as written, in place of boys.

4. If the bass is added, one man or youth, with changed voice for every two boys or girls, may render them effectively with or without accompaniment. But be sure that no changed voice, singing an octave lower, be permitted to sing in the upper parts.

5. The song, "Mother," may be sung as written by a musical voice quartet or chorus, a soprano, tenor, or boy soprano, singing the solo; or the two upper chorus parts may be sung by young boys, the two lower parts by men.

6. Every association ought to have a chorus of from six to twenty Junior boys working upon this splendid material written for their use.

7. The numbers for Senior boys may also be sung in a number of ways, other than that which the copy calls for.

8. Each may be sung by either a male quartet, or male chorus of any number (either accompanied or unaccompanied).

9. If high tenors are scarce, the older unchanged voices of boys may be used for the first tenor.

10. "Land of the Valleys and Mountains," may be rendered as a duet by two tenors, accompanied by piano or organ playing all parts.

11. "Dear Old Folks," may be sung by a baritone, as a solo, the singer singing the second tenor as the melody (accompanied), while the others could be sung as solos by a tenor or even a soprano voice; it is hardly worth while to treat men so.

12. It may be not amiss to know that all male quartets or choruses can be rendered just as written, only an octave higher, by ladies' voices. The tenors by sopranos, and basses by contraltos, the accompanist playing an octave higher. With these few suggestions, go ahead and do your utmost to make these songs serviceable, wear them out if you can, more are being made.—*Evan Stephens*.

These pieces are in no sense restricted to M. I. A. service. They are good in the home, the choir concerts, or other programs, some of them have been rendered publicly by the best choirs in our community already.

A Word to the Accompanist. Often the choristers' "better half," in these days when you have had the benefit of much instruction, while the chorister has perhaps only his native ability to draw upon, will, I am sure, be painstaking and patient, aiding the singers to get their parts and especially accidentals correctly. You will also kindly bear in mind that while complete and perhaps more elaborate accompaniments, upon two sep-

arate staffs, would be very desirable to you, to get space in a magazine such as the *Era* for just the voice parts, with a hint note thrown in, here and there, to aid the accompanist to a more complete instrumental part than the voices alone, is, especially in selections the least bit extended, taking up all the space it can justly spare for music. To include separate staffs for the accompaniment and introductions, interludes, etc., as the author would like, and feel was really due the songs, to dress them up properly for public use, would mean that several pages would have to be given over to the songs, so bear in mind that while it is trying to thus have to cut down our material, it is, on the other hand, an educational benefit to have to thus economize. By learning to play from the voice parts, you are making a more superior musician of yourself. All really fine performers have mastered this accomplishment. Nay, more really accomplished musicians can make up readily piano or organ accompaniments out of not only a few voice parts, but entire orchestral parts of sixteen, twenty or more separate staffs, reading the whole at once. Now this, perhaps, to you, trying ordeal of putting four or five voice parts together on one key board, in a shape to agree with and lead the voices (at rehearsals), is the stepping stone to the other still greater accomplishments, while you may here discuss the art of putting much material in little space. Some of these apparently little things would ordinarily be spread out over several pages, and sell at 60c or \$1 per copy by the sheet music publishers, you only pay 45c for 23 pieces of music when you get the *Y. M. M. I. A. Choruses*.

TEN—SUMMER WORK

Tuesday Evening, June 10

General Subject: *Peace Conference Problems.*

Reparation and Indemnities

Topics:

1. What has actuated to settlement of past wars—"To the victor belongs the spoils."
2. New note in this settlement—Justice.
3. Findings of peace conference regarding reparation and indemnities.

Health

Read and reread the health division of the summer program, published in the April *Era*.

Scouts Should Prepare

Scouts should prepare for the "*Father and Son Outing*." See Summer program, April *Era*.

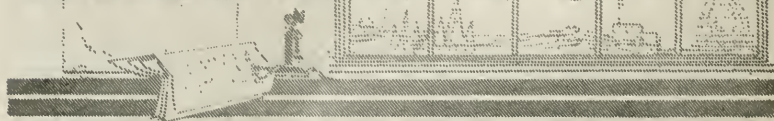
Annual Reports

Secretaries should mail their annual report now to the Stake Secretaries. Please do not neglect this, and stake secretaries should see that their stake reports are in the hands of General Secretary Moroni Snow, on May 10.

Keep Your Organization Complete

Do not think it is unnecessary to fill vacancies now that the winter's work is over. It is very important that your association always be well organized and especially so now that we have a first class outline to follow the next few months; and furthermore, since it is planned to have the Y. M. M. I. A. meet the year round, hereafter, divided into two periods—the winter and summer sessions.

PASSING EVENTS



"Japan 'Bone Dry,' " is the motto of Mrs. Yakima, who founded the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Japan, 30 years ago. She has been most earnest in her efforts to fight social evil in her country. The ratification of the prohibition amendment in the United States has given her new heart in her drive to make Japan follow suit.

Frederick M. Smith, president of the Reorganite Church tendered his resignation, though it is not stated whether the resignation was accepted, as president of that organization on April 10, so the dispatches from Lamoni, Iowa, reported. The presiding bishop of that Church, and Twelve who appear to have equal authority with the president could not agree on how to direct the organization of 300 missionaries. The trouble arose over the question whether the Twelve or the President should direct.

The Juvenile Court biennial report of Judge C. M. Nielsen, for two years ending Dec. 1, 1918, filed with Governor Simon Bamberger, shows that the court, during the period covered, handled a total of 6430 cases. Of this total, 2,459 were cases of minors settled in the homes, and 1,445 out of court. Judge Neilson recently resigned, and attorney Hugo B. Anderson, formerly justice of the peace, and late chief clerk of the House of Representatives of the Utah Legislature, has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

Arthur Pratt, born Salt Lake City, March 12, 1853, and son of the late Elder Orson Pratt of the Council of the Twelve, and Sarah Bates, died in Salt Lake City, Utah, March 20, 1919. He was educated in the city schools and graduated from the University of Utah, under Doctor John R. Park. He was for a number of years chief deputy United States marshal, under Frank Dyer. He was also territorial auditor for a number of years. For a number of years he was warden of the Utah state penitentiary. His widow, Agnes Caine Pratt, daughter of the late Congressman John T. Caine, and five children survive him.

The Utah State Fair Association reorganized its board of directors on March 20. The new officers elected for the coming two years are: president, W. C. Winder; first vice-president, James H. Waters; second vice-president, John H. Seely; treasurer, George S. McAllister; general manager, D. W. Parratt. The president will hereafter manage the state fair, and the office of secretary and managing committee were abandoned. Earl J. Glade will continue to have charge of the publicity department. The new manager, D. W. Parratt, will act as secretary and manager of the annual exhibition, and will be paid three thousand dollars a year.

The Utah Experiment Station has received a special \$20,000 appropriation from the State Legislature for experimental work on underground water development.

Investigations conducted by the Experiment Station and the U. S. Department of Agriculture show that vast areas of land in the southwestern part of Utah contain sufficient underground water for irrigation. The experimental work to be done under this appropriation will be to determine the

best type of well and equipment for various sections of the state. One well is now being driven in Iron county, and others will be started in different sections of the state soon.

The Puget Sound Traction, Light and Power Company, through its president, A. W. Leonard, transferred, in early April, to Thomas P. Murphine, Superintendent of Public Utilities, of the city of Seattle, Washington, the equivalent of \$15,000,000 in street cars, tracks real-estate and buildings. The city of Seattle thus took over the traction system, and by so doing is credited with being the only city of its class in the United States to acquire an entire street railway system. By this transaction, the city becomes the owner of 210 miles of street railway track with the over-head and transmission system, 540 street cars, \$1,068,000 in real estate and buildings, and about \$500,000 in supplies and equipment.

Airship R. 34 is Britain's latest and largest airship that will probably be one among the ships that will attempt a flight across the Atlantic Ocean. The ship is 670 feet long, is a tremendous power in both carrying and endurance, and on its initial flight at Clydeside, England, the ship remained aloft four and one half hours. The middle of April will probably see at least four aviators ready at their starting point for the great try for the cross-Atlantic flight. Nine are entered for the fight. The British airmen will perhaps make the first attempt. The *Daily Mail's* \$50,000 flight prize is a great incentive, as well as the great honor and the distinction that shall befall the man who successfully navigates the air. Mr. H. C. Hawker, an Australian, hopes to start the fly before the United States airmen reach New Foundland. He is an Australian, and a well known pilot, whose efforts are being carefully watched.

New Bishops. The following changes were made in the month of March:

East Garland ward, Bear River stake, Eugene S. Hansen succeeded Hans C. Johnson, address same. Smithfield Second ward, Benson stake, Lorenzo Toolson succeeded William L. Winn, address same; Iona ward, Bingham stake, Henry Bodily succeeded Truman C. Barlow, address same. Circleville ward, Panguitch stake, James O. Meeks succeeded Benjamin Cameron, Jr., address same. Riverside ward, Blackfoot stake, Alburn A. Bingham succeeded George H. Smith, address same. Mapleton ward, Oneida stake, James E. Keeler succeeded Harris A. Stephenson, address same. Weston ward, Oneida stake, Thomas E. Rose succeeded Yeppa Benson, address same. Lynndyl ward, Deseret stake, Albert L. Hurst, acting bishop, to succeed Elmer A. Jacob, address same. Wendell branch, Boise stake, C. O. Pederson, acting presiding elder, succeeded Charles D. Fox, address same. Provo Sixth ward, Utah stake, Joseph Nelson succeeded Brigham Johnson, address same.

The No-tobacco League of America Enters Utah. We have been requested to publish the following: "The No-tobacco League of America has appointed Fred L. W. Bennett, 1051 South Seventh East Street, Salt Lake City organizing or field secretary for Utah. The League, which has for its objective the ultimate prohibition of tobacco—as liquor has been prohibited—was established in March, 1915, and the headquarters are at Franklin, Indiana. Special attention is to be paid to the cigarette evil, doing so much harm to young manhood. The annual membership fee is one dollar, and every member receives a free subscription for one year to the *No-tobacco Journal*, an anti-tobacco magazine published by the league monthly. The movement is non-sectarian and several non-"Mormons" as well as "Mormons" have already joined the league in Salt Lake City, we are told by the secretary. As soon as sufficient interest has been aroused in a community a local branch will be organized there. Full particulars may be obtained from the local secretary, as above, or from Dr. Homer J. Hall, the general secretary.

A new tunnel under the English Channel, from England to France, is under consideration, and will likely soon be started, and completed in the next four or five years. It is said that it will cost about \$20,000,000. The length of the tunnel under the sea is twenty-two miles, the total length would be thirty miles. It would enter the ground some two or three miles inland behind Dover. The tunnel's advantages over the channel train ferry, which was the means of a great assistance in war transportation, from England to France, is easily apparent and manifest. Passengers could be carried to France from England in 45 minutes, and Paris would be but six hours from the English shore. The depth of the water, from the bottom of the sea to the surface at the deepest place, would be 180 feet. With this proposed tunnel completed, there would be insured the greatest and fastest method of transportation of men and materials between England and France, which would be of inestimable value in peace as in war.

Members of the Ninety-first Division, including the foremost fighting arm of the 362nd infantry, E, F and G companies, also the 2nd battalion headquarters, and the 216th field signal battalions, arrived in New York from overseas, on April 16th, on the steamship *Lancaster*. The battalion brought home with it two Utah officers; also three Utah soldiers decorated for exceptional bravery on the battlefield. The officers are Lieutenant Dixon Kapple, of Payson, former star football player with the Utah "Aggies," decorated with the distinguished service cross, and Lieutenant Dean A. Clark of 533 North Second West street, Provo, also decorated with the distinguished service cross. The decorated heroes of the battalion are Sergeant Peter Bosone, of 919 South Thirteenth West street, Salt Lake, who has a distinguished service cross pinned on his breast; First Class Private Edward Reasoner, of 1982 Windsor street, Salt Lake, who is the modest possessor of a *croix de guerre*, and Sergeant Howard M. Angell, of Brigham, who also has a distinguished service cross. All are members of F company. Others distinguished were Captain John H. Leavell, 816th Engineers, Salt Lake, who won the distinguished service cross; Henry Ramsay, Salt Lake, distinguished service cross and *croix de guerre*; Peter S. Boone, Salt Lake, *croix de guerre*.

Thomas B. Evans, president of the Ogden Stake of Zion, died April 4, 1919, of general physical decline. He was one of the best disciplinarians to be found, and a man of sterling character. He was born February 3, 1859, at Trecknon, Wales; was baptized by his father, confirmed by James Boden, August 14, 1867; ordained a deacon in 1869, a priest in 1877, and an elder one year later; came to America in 1878, first going to Wyoming. The active part of his life was spent in Ogden. For a number of years he was employed by early Utah railroads, rising to be engineer and roundhouse foreman. More than 20 years ago he organized the grocery business known as T. B. Evans & Co., which he managed and controlled until its dissolution brought about by his declining health in the fall of 1917. He was one of the organizers and active members of the Home Dramatic Club, which entertained numerous audiences in Northern Utah for a period of more than eight years. He presided over Ogden stake for the past ten years, since the old Weber stake was divided into three, making Ogden, North Weber and Weber. He was formerly a member of the General Sunday School Union board and the Weber stake Sunday School board; missionary to England and Wales in 1890; a member of the state industrial school board under Governor Cutler; held the position of food administrator for Ogden and Weber county during the recent war period, and was a member of the board of the Dee Memorial hospital.

Professor Charles J. Thomas, pioneer musician, died in Salt Lake City, Monday, March 31, 1919. He was born at Burnley, Lancashire, England,

November 20, 1832, the oldest son of Joseph K. and Margaret S. Thomas. He early exhibited a fondness and natural ability for music, and when nine years old played with his father at the Theatre Royal. Soon after he began the study of harmony in London. He joined the Church, September 1, 1850, being at that time engaged as a musician at one of the pleasure gardens in England. He traveled three seasons with an Italian opera company, published musical compositions in 1854, and played at the Crystal Palace in 1858, filled several engagements in New York, after his arrival in America in June 20, 1860. He was the first orchestral leader in the Salt Lake Theatre. He filled a mission in 1885-7 to his native land. He was faithful and active all his days in musical circles in Salt Lake City, and in Church work. His musical compositions are many and important.

The Golden wedding anniversary of Presiding Bishop Charles W. Nibley and his wife Mrs. Rebecca Nibaur Nibley, was celebrated at Hotel Utah, Saturday evening, March 29. They were married in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, March 30, 1869, President Daniel H. Wells, performing the ceremony. The bishop at that time, was only 20 years of age, and Mrs. Nibley had just turned 18 on the day of their marriage. Bishop Nibley was born near Edinburgh, Scotland, February 5, 1849, and his estimable wife was born in Salt Lake City, March 30, 1851. Her father was a well known local Hebrew poet and scholar, and one of his beautiful poems is well known and sung frequently in the congregations of the Latter-day Saints. Its beginning line: "Come, thou glorious day of promise," refers to the gatherings of Israel in the latter days. No Church leader is better known than Bishop Charles W. Nibley, whose ability in financial affairs is only equaled by his unshaken testimony in the restored gospel, and his firm belief, seconded by his daily acts, in the great work of the Lord as established in the world by the Prophet Joseph Smith. The *Era* joins the thousands of friends of the happy couple in hearty congratulations upon the auspicious occasion, and every good wish for their continued welfare and happiness.

Mission Changes.—It was announced, on April 18, that John M. Knight, of Salt Lake City, a member of the Ensign stake presidency, has been called to preside over the Western States mission instead of President John L. Herrick, who is to be released soon.

Winslow Smith, a brother of Elder George Albert Smith of the Council of the Twelve, and son of the late President John Henry Smith, will become presiding authority of the Northern States mission, releasing President German E. Ellsworth.

Announcement of the change in the California mission, by which Elder Joseph W. McMurrin succeeds President Joseph E. Robinson; Bishop Heber C. Iverson, as president of the Northwestern states mission, succeeds Elder Melvin J. Ballard; E. Wesley Smith, president of the Hawaiian mission succeeds President S. E. Woolley, and Elder George Albert Smith of the Council of the Twelve is to succeed Elder George F. Richards, in the Presidency of the British mission, has been printed heretofore in the *Era*, and will receive further notice as we get the sketches of the new presidents ready.

Elder Joseph W. McMurrin was set apart on April 17, by President Heber J. Grant, assisted by the Council of Twelve, to be the President of the California mission.

Elder Elias Wesley Smith plans to go to the Sandwich Islands in time to take charge of the dedication ceremonies of the Hawaiian temple.

It is also announced that Elder Duncan M. McAlister will soon leave for the Hawaiian Islands to take charge of the work in the new temple.

Elder McAllister was 77 years of age on the 18th of April. For about 20 years he was recorder of the Salt Lake temple, and later at the St. George temple. Elder McAllister is wide and well known throughout the Church and thousands of his friends will congratulate him upon his anniversary and his new appointment, in which the *Era* heartily joins.

Premier Lloyd-George, in an eloquent speech, lasting an hour and a half, before the House of Commons, on April 16, reported that the Allies at Paris had reached an amicable understanding. He stated that there would be no intervention in Russia, and no recognition of Bolshivism, and further that he had fulfilled his election promises, including those relating to indemnity from the enemy powers, and punishment of the former German emperor.

"I am here to say that every pledge we have given is incorporated in the demands put forward by the Allies," he asserted.

"We stand by them because we believe they are just. We want a peace that is just, not vindictive. We want a stern peace, because the occasion demands it, but it must be designed not to gratify vengeance, but to vindicate justice. Every clause and every term in the conditions must be justified. Above all, we want to protect the future against a repetition of the horrors of this war."

He sharply criticized certain newspaper attacks made in connection with the peace conference, saying:

"When this kind of disease is carried to the point of sowing dissension between great allies whose unity is essential for the peace of the world, when an attempt is made to make France distrust Great Britain, France to hate America and America to dislike France and Italy, not even that kind of a disease is justification for so black a crime against humanity."

Referring to the necessity of returning peace and reducing armaments, the premier said that the forces of the country which had kept Europe in arms for forty years were to be reduced to an army which would be only adequate enough to police her cities and protect her commerce. There were suggestions that there might be a war recrudescence in Germany. That was not a danger, because only with difficulty could Germany raise 80,000 men to preserve order. The danger, he said, was of the world going to pieces, adding:

"A real danger—the gaunt specter of hunger—is stalking through the land."

He pleaded to all "not to soil this triumph of right by indulging in the angry passions of mankind, but to consecrate the sacrifices of millions to the redemption of the human race from the scourge and agony of war." He pleaded that "those who were trying to do their best be let alone."

Celebration of Washington's Birthday at St. George, Utah.—Washington's birthday was fittingly celebrated at St. George, under the direction of the Soldiers' Entertainment Committee. The celebration was gotten up in honor of all returned soldiers of Washington county. Memorial services were held in honor of the following Washington county boys who laid down their lives in the cause of Liberty and for whom the celebration was especially held: Lester Keate, Lynn McNeill, George D. Felter, of St. George; Sterling Russell, Grafton; Wallace Gray, Cleon J. Reber, of Santa Clara; Isaac Heber Langston, Jr., Rockville; Moroni Kleinman, Toquerville; Alton Hyatt, Enterprise. At sunrise, the Stars and Stripes were hoisted, accompanied by military salute. The largest parade ever held in the county, formed on Main Street at 10 o'clock, and after marching through the principal streets, drew up at the public square, where an exhibition drill was given by the soldier boys under the direction of Lieutenant W. J. Graybill. Some special features of the parade were: General Washington



EXHIBITION DRILL.

By the soldiers of Washington county, on the Tabernacle Square, St. George, Utah.

in full Revolutionary military uniform; 100 soldiers, in squad formation; St. George silver band; aeroplane; supply trucks; supply wagons, drawn by four mules each; heavy artillery, drawn by six coal black horses, each near horse being ridden by a soldier; St. George martial band; Red Cross float; Y. M. C. A. overseas huts; Salvation Army truck; ambulance, with lady driver in uniform; mothers of soldier boys in cars decorated with the national colors. The aeroplane was driven under its own power by Brigham Jarvis, Jr., of St. George, who constructed it after the plan of an army scout plane. The Salvation Army entertained the crowd on the square with special music and singing, and passed dough-nuts to the boys immediately after they had finished.

At 2 o'clock, memorial services were held in the tabernacle for the departed soldiers. Special places had been reserved in the tabernacle for the returned soldiers. The building was packed to overflowing. As the boys entered to occupy their reserved seats, every person voluntarily rose to his feet and stood until the boys were seated. The services were unusually impressive, and will be long remembered by the immense audience which listened to them. A large service flag hung above the speakers' stand containing 320 stars, with a beautiful shield just above it, holding a gold star for each boy who had met death in service.

At 5 p. m. the soldiers formed and passed in review before Captain J. X. Gardner of Pine Valley, after which they stood retreat while the band played the national anthem and the colors were lowered.

At 8:30 p. m. a reception was held in the gaily decorated Gymnasium building of the Dixie Normal College, where a short and appropriate program was rendered in welcome to the returned boys, after which the evening was spent in dancing.

The Soldiers' Entertainment Committee, who arranged the program for the day, deserves much credit for the interest taken. The membership of this committee was appointed by Mayor Albert E. Miller, of St. George, shortly after the first registration day, in 1917, and the committee has given a farewell party for each soldier, or group of soldiers, as they left for the training camps, from that time until the armistice was signed. The committee is composed of the following members: William Brooks, chairman; E. M. Hall, Urie MacFarlane, W. O. Bently, Jr., A. Y. Milnes, R. A. Morris, Jr., and William M. Mace.

William Budge, former president of the Logan temple, and a well-known resident of Cache Valley, and prominent for many years in Church and civic work in northern Utah and southern Idaho, died at his home in Logan, March 18, 1919, of old age. He was born at Lanark, Lanarkshire, Scotland, May 1, 1828, thus being nearly ninety-one years of age at the time of his death. He was a son of William Budge and Mary Scott; joined the Church December 31, 1848, laboring for ten years as a local missionary, beginning February, 1851, his field of labor extending over Scotland and England. He also did missionary work in Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. He came to Utah in 1860, being captain of a company of 400, while crossing the plains. He first settled at Farmington, then in Providence, Cache county; and, in 1870, he went to Paris, Idaho, being sent by President Brigham Young, and was made presiding bishop of the Bear Lake settlements. Later, in 1877, he was chosen first president of the Bear Lake stake. He was appointed president of the European mission, in 1878, and did missionary work abroad until 1880; returning home he was elected Bear Lake county's first member in the Council of the Idaho legislature, and later served in the Idaho State Senate. In 1906, he was called to Cache county to preside over the Logan temple and remained in that service until about a year ago, when, because of his advanced years, he was succeeded by President Joseph R. Sheppard. He held many positions of honor, both in the Church and in the state. He was a father of 34 children, twenty-five of whom are living, and the family are among the most prominent residents of Utah and southern Idaho, including Churchmen, physicians, lawyers and other professional men. He and President Charles W. Penrose married sisters, and have been life-long friends. In President William Budge, the Church and State had a man of genuine stability and stalwart character.

Study for the Priesthood Quorums for 1919

By action of the General Committee on Courses of Study for the Priesthood, taken at a meeting October 10, 1918 it was decided that a book to contain selections from the doctrinal writings and sayings of President Joseph F. Smith would be used as a text for the Melchizedek Priesthood Quorums and Classes for the year 1919.

It was also decided by the committee that it would not be the best policy to prepare a special text book for the Priests for 1919, since most of the Priests are in military service. It was therefore recommended that a book entitled, *The Ancient Apostles*, by Elder David O. McKay, be the Priests' text book for the year 1919.

It was also decided that the text book for the teachers for the year 1919 be the same book as that for the Priests; namely, *The Ancient Apostles*, by Elder David O. McKay.

The text book adopted for the Deacons for the year 1919, it was decided, would be *Incidents from the Lives of our Leaders*.

It is designed by the committee to prepare an outline or guide for the study of the book containing the doctrinal writings and sayings of President Joseph F. Smith, for the use of class teachers and students.

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Edward H. Anderson,			Moroni Snow, Assistant

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